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CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

PUBLICATIONS, VOLUME 34

Proceedings for the Years 1951-52



CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS
PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY

1954

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THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

PROCEEDINGS FOR THE YEARS 1951-52

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LAWRENCE LOWELL, PRESIDENT

By JULIAN LOWELL COOLIDGE

Read January 30, 1951

LAWRENCE LOWELL was born December 13, 1856. He was brought up mostly in Boston, but spent two of his early years in Europe. His liveliest recollection of that time was a small skirmish between Prussian and Nassau soldiers in the Austro-Prussian war. Winters were first spent in Boston. It was there that I had my first personal relationship with the family. At the age of five I attended a class of a few children in Mrs. Lowell's house on Beacon Street. I remember one morning Mr. Lowell's sister Amy said to me, "I had lots of fun this morning playing horse with my brother Lawrence; his suspenders made splendid reins."

When Lawrence was eleven years of age the Lowells established their summer home in Brookline, and here the family was largely brought up. How lively must the table conversation have been! They were all fluent; I have often wondered who did the listening. All of his life Lawrence Lowell found it hard to listen patiently. If you went to him with any question or difficulty, he would walk about the room, his very nimble mind would see almost immediately what he believed was involved, and he would come forth with his solution, sometimes before the problem had been completely stated. Professor Whitehead once told me that soon after he came to Harvard a difficult question came up in a meeting of the members of the Department of Philosophy. It was decided that a committee should lay the matter before the President, and to his dismay, he found that he was on the committee. The meeting was arranged, the subject was announced, and the statement begun. Almost immediately Mr. Lowell interrupted the speaker, gave his definite view of the matter and his solution of the difficulty. When he had finished Whitehead said, "Excuse me, Mr. Lowell, but if you could wait while I explained what the problem really is, there would be a better chance of arriving at a satisfactory solution." Lowell seemed momentarily nonplussed, but that was the beginning of the friendship between the two.

Lowell's life in college was not remarkable at first. The Class of '77 was reported to be the worst behaved that had come to Cambridge in a long time. His later college years were better, and ended with some éclat. He went in for distance running, beating the college record for the half mile by the tidy margin of thirty seconds. He specialized in mathematics under the great Benjamin Peirce, writing a creditable honors thesis about quaternions, which was subsequently published in the Proceedings of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. With regard to Peirce, it is curious to note that Lowell regarded him and Henry Adams as the two most inspiring teachers with whom he came in contact. On the other hand, the judgment that Peirce was almost the worst possible teacher was well nigh universal. Lowell sat in the Law School under such outstanding exponents of the law as Langdell, Ames, Thayer and Gray.

Lowell spent two years at the Law School and another in a Boston office and then was admitted to the Massachusetts Bar. A year later he formed a partnership with his brother-in-law Francis Cabot Lowell and Frederick Jessup Stimson. The personal intimacy that came out of this relation continued in each case till terminated by death. Loyalty to a friend or fellow worker was absolutely unshakable in Mr. Lowell. Mr. William J. Bingham, Director of Athletics, told me that when he was first appointed he went with Mr. Lowell to a great meeting to celebrate Bingham's appointment. There was much enthusiasm, for athletically-minded graduates can be very enthusiastic when they are not just the opposite. Mr. Lowell said to Bingham, "I'll stick by you now, and I'll stick by you when all who are now cheering you will be out for your scalp." I occasionally ran across the same thing myself. I recollect my embarrassment when meeting him accidentally with a man I did not know. Mr. Lowell said, "We are just alike, we are both named Lowell, we both ran the mile, and we both do mathematics." I should not have been more embarrassed if Einstein or the Pope had proclaimed me a colleague, but there was an underlying element of truth. These were things which he understood. He always had an appreciation for men whose interests or background or inheritance were familiar to him.

It is not quite clear why Lowell did not make a success at the law. His biographer, Henry Yeomans, speaks at length on this subject. What is certain is that Lowell himself perceived it. Fifteen years after leaving college he had pretty much given up the idea of being a lawyer, but his

interest in problems of government increased mightily and his writing on government questions became more and more significant. His most important work was, of course, his *Government of England*. He once told me that he felt that some American should produce the counterpart of Bryce's *American Commonwealth*, and he did not see why he should not be the man to write it. I have no ability to compare these two works; what Lowell wrote was certainly well received in England, and was highly praised by English authorities. One can understand what a pang it was to him, many years later, when his was replaced as prescribed reading at Harvard by the very different work of Laski. One certain thing is that Lowell told how the British Government worked in actual practice.

In the years while he was Professor of Government, Lowell showed what would be his guiding thoughts during his presidency. First and foremost, he was interested in Harvard College. This does not mean that he was not interested in the other great departments of Harvard University. He assumed that it was self-evident that the Law and Medical Schools were the best in their respective categories in the country. The success of the Business School filled him with a sort of awe, but he distinguished sharply between those departments which appealed to him and those which did not. He felt that Harvard had no business to support anything which was not first class. For years he never set foot inside the walls of the first Fogg Museum. He had a higher appreciation of the second Fogg. He was once surprised there practicing a high jump over a barrier. He could not see why both Harvard and Yale should each support a Department of Forestry, and allowed the School at Petersham to run on at a very slow rate. Especially did he feel there was no justification for two adjacent schools of engineering. He worked out an elaborate merger with the Massachusetts Institute of Technology from which Harvard seemed to get nothing except the titles of certain professorships. This was disallowed by the courts as being frankly contrary to the wishes of the testator. But there could be no doubt of his absorbing interest in Harvard College, which he believed was in process of extinction. For years there had been an ever-increasing movement towards three years as the normal period of residence for the A.B. degree. This had been strongly favored by Eliot, who was impressed by the mounting demand for more time for the preparation of candidates for the higher degrees

in law, medicine, or science, and believed that the only way to save the A.B. was to shorten the time required for its attainment. Mr. Lowell rather brutally said, "The best way to save the A.B. degree is to make it worth saving."

Lowell felt that the College was in process of dissolution in two ways. The excessive diversity of subject matter for undergraduate study had brought about a condition where no one could point to any specific thing and say that the degree stood for that. The excessive size of college classes and diversity of interests and living conditions had gone so far that loyalty to the College as a whole was well nigh meaningless.

Lowell's remedy for the first of these evils was a tightening up of the course requirement. He insisted that a well-educated man should have at least a bowing acquaintance with all of the great fields of intellectual endeavor, and that in some one field he should have a glimpse of the lines of further advance. The solution consisted in the two requirements of concentration and distribution. There can be no doubt that these ideas were fundamentally sound. The Harvard undergraduate of the Lowell era was better educated than had been the case earlier, especially in the years when the system of individual tutors was general. The reaction of the faculty was never enthusiastic. Distribution was treated in a more or less stepmotherly fashion until it was reintroduced by Conant and Buck in improved form under the title of "General Education." As for concentration, that was always popular, but the system of tutors to prepare men for the general examination, admirable in theory, has become so devastatingly expensive that the battle to keep it alive has been a losing fight. Very recently a strong committee of the faculty has recommended a reintroduction of a modified form of individual instruction for all students, not merely candidates for honors. More power to them!

Lowell's remedy for what might be called the social disintegration of Harvard College was the introduction of the English college system which in this region we call the House Plan. In one sense it was not essentially English, having been at one time common in European universities, but had been gradually abandoned except in Oxford and Cambridge. The individual units were called "Houses" because Lowell feared that graduates would accuse him of wishing to abolish Harvard College, a fear that did not extend to Yale when meeting the same question. For the word House he had the precedent that Christ Church

College Oxford is known as "Collegium Aedes Dei." A similar plan had been proposed for Princeton by Woodrow Wilson but foundered through graduate opposition. There is some question as to when the idea first took shape in Lowell's mind. He once assured me that it was an active ideal of his from the very first, and he ought to know, but there is no suggestion of it in his inaugural address. There is mention of the lesser innovation, the freshman dormitories; perhaps he felt that mention of the more ambitious program, with no suggestion of a possible source for the great amount of money implied, would be too radical for the assembled company. What is certain is that when in 1928 Mr. Harkness, discouraged by the skepticism of Yale, came hesitant into Mr. Lowell's office, he lost all chance of getting out again without making a generous gift to a university in which he previously had no particular interest. The whole prehistory of this subject has yet to be written. I once heard Lowell say of Harkness, "I had been casting a fly over him for some time."

The first years of Lowell's presidency were fabulous financially. There was the magnificent gift of the Widener Library and Mr. Baker's astonishing subscription to the Business School building fund, to mention but two of many. Mr. Lowell had a fixed idea that Charles Coolidge was the only architect who really understood university needs. In the matter of building, he resented the employment of other firms in these two cases. It was not Mr. Trumbauer's fault that Mrs. Widener insisted on an interior arrangement of her library which was most inconvenient for library purposes. The Business School project was open to competition, and was won by the not unknown firm of McKimm, Mead, and White. Mr. Lowell had the satisfaction of telling the Corporation one day that he had discovered from these architects' drawings that the door of entrance of the great library was exactly opposite to that of the ladies' toilet.

A great stimulus to Mr. Lowell came with the entrance of the United States into the first World War. He wrote to the French ambassador, M. Jusserand, whom he knew personally, suggesting that some wounded French officer be sent to Harvard to tell the 1200 members of our R.O.T.C. some of the details of the military art as it was practiced under modern conditions. This suggestion produced spectacular results. They sent us not one officer but six, of whom one was drawn off to Yale. The other five gladiators in horizon-blue uniforms carried all before them

with the student body of Harvard, and with the ladies of Boston society. Mr. Lowell was deeply interested in the whole venture, from going to the specimen trenches at Fresh Pond to giving an honorary degree to the bored and sleepy Marshal Joffre. The Chef de Mission, Paul Azan, failed in his endeavor to marry an American heiress, but attained subsequent distinction in the French Army; his picture in full-dress uniform with a very desolate background of no man's land, hangs in the Harvard Club of Boston; another member of the group remained with us as a distinguished professor of French.

Two other incidents of what might be called Lowell's middle years should be mentioned at this point. Lowell was deeply interested in the League to Enforce Peace, similar in scope to the projected League of Nations but freed from some features that had aroused opposition. The movement was backed by some really strong men, but the inherent American inclination towards isolationism enabled opponents to crush the movement. The other episode was the much publicized trial of Sacco and Vanzetti. Lowell certainly had no desire to go into this, but when Governor Fuller asked him to be one of a committee of three to review the whole case, he felt that it was a public duty he could not refuse. He started with no fixed opinion, but a general feeling that probably there had been a miscarriage of justice, and the men were innocent. The fact that radicals felt strongly in the matter did not surprise him; that was to be expected. He did feel badly when some men who were naturally conservative, and naturally his friends, proclaimed after no more than a superficial study of the question that the trial had been unfair. Mr. Lowell had read every scrap of the great mass of evidence presented and personally interviewed many of the persons most closely involved; the fact that he was accused of prejudice and unfairness did hurt. In the end all three members of the committee arrived independently at the conviction that the accused were guilty.

It was always annoying to Lowell's critics that he insisted on the sanctity of the right to free speech, and defended it very wisely and judiciously on various occasions. He insisted that if the university authorities expressed disapproval of any sentiment seriously expressed by a member of the teaching force, they would seem to express approval of all views which they did not condemn, and that was a responsibility they could never undertake. A lot of abuse was heaped on Lowell for not

suppressing Professor Münsterberg at the time of the first World War. Münsterberg was decidedly annoying to Lowell, but that was very different from restricting in any way his right to express his feelings. Before the end of the war he died peacefully a professor in Harvard University without a martyr's halo. In the same way Lowell did not approve all of the doctrines of that very brilliant young radical Harold Laski, but that was a very different matter from dismissing him. When the period of Laski's appointment ran out, Lowell made no move to better a counter offer that had come from the University of London; I suspect that he felt that the University had made a dignified withdrawal from a troublesome affair.

The strangest episode of this sort occurred when a distinguished body of graduates of the Harvard Law School petitioned the Board of Overseers to look into the teachings and writings of Professor Zechariah Chafee. The Overseers asked the Visiting Committee to the Law School to consider the matter and a so-called trial was held one Sunday at the Boston Harvard Club. Lowell bethought himself that he too was a member of the Massachusetts Bar and announced that he would be chief counsel for the defense. The trial eventually came to nothing, for the Committee voted to proceed no further in the matter, but Lowell had about decided to offer his resignation as President if Chafee's right to free speech were denied.

During some half dozen years beginning in 1928 Lowell's time and attention, some critics thought too much of it, were largely occupied with the task of launching the Houses. He frequently used the form of language "We thought," "We decided," etc., but I suspect this was largely the editorial "we." He may have had various rambling discussions with a few sympathetic friends, but I do not believe that anyone but himself ever looked on the scheme as likely to reach fruition. It was perhaps characteristic of him to imagine that something which was essentially his own idea represented the considered judgment of an unprejudiced committee. He sometimes quoted the official minute of the Faculty meeting which voted the establishment of the first two Houses, and which says that the vote was taken at a largely attended meeting of the Faculty, and after a general discussion. In the call for the meeting it was simply stated that the President would introduce a special piece of business. No one had the faintest idea what this might be, some thought that

he might be going to announce his resignation. He wished to establish one House, an honor House for able men, but he accepted an amendment to the effect that two Houses would be better. The Faculty were so completely overwhelmed that I believe if he had announced that he wished to establish the moon as an auxiliary department of the astronomical observatory he would have obtained an equally unanimous vote. A similar unanimity appeared some weeks later when it was a question of establishing not two Houses but seven. Lowell certainly did not completely foresee the great depression which would overwhelm the country a year later, but he felt very wisely that it was essential to move fast, while a possible opposition was off balance. Perhaps this was scarcely a democratic way to introduce a great reform, but he had before his eyes the sad example of Yale. When Mr. Harkness made a similar offer to the New Haven institution, a committee of the Faculty gave it a year's consideration, and got nowhere. When Mr. Harkness, in despair, went to Harvard, his plan was accepted with breathtaking speed; then Yale, unwilling to be left behind, accepted gratefully. In one way the New Haven plan was the better of the two, for the Yale Colleges were smaller than the Harvard Houses. Mr. Lowell always had rather a bad conscience on this point. He felt that Harkness would probably have given him an eighth House if he had asked for it, but he felt that in view of the widespread skepticism on the part of the student body it was vital that the Houses should open with every room filled and that might be more difficult with eight to fill.

There was, of course, a good deal of hesitation on the part of students, Faculty, and graduates. The students were deeply suspicious that this was a scheme to cut down their freedom, introduce a boarding-school regime, tuck them into bed at night. The first task of those in charge was to convince the average undergraduate that he could get from his House a worthwhile social life that Harvard College as then constituted could not give him. The members of the Final Clubs were at first treated gently. If a man did not care to come in he could stay out. But the authorities followed the traditional fox-hunting practice of gradually closing up places where the foxes might safely hide. Competition with the Houses has not completely extinguished the Final Clubs, but their financial problems have become more acute, and their general influence less important.

The reaction in the Faculty was mixed. There were plenty who were enthusiastic, saw the present difficulties, and hoped that a system of smaller units offered a way out; others were really little shaken by the radical suggestion. The social problems of undergraduate life interested them scarcely at all. Was it significant that five refused the invitation to be among the first seven House Masters? The great body of graduates seemed decidedly interested in the experiment and this interest was stimulated by discreet publicity. Of course there were some who felt that the introduction of what they looked upon as essentially an English system would not fit well into the Harvard scheme, it might tend to weaken the traditional Harvard independence or Harvard indifference. Why it should be considered a valid reason not to try something new, because it had been a success under similar circumstances elsewhere, has never seemed to me entirely clear.

Mr. Lowell, if he had any doubts, never let them stop him from going ahead with boundless enthusiasm and confidence. Every phase, especially every architectural phase, of the new problems excited his ingenuity and imagination. I well recollect going with Chester Greenough into a conference with Mr. Lowell on the House plans. Incidentally, it was months before he announced which of us was to have which of the first two Houses so that each should be interested in both Houses. He finally unfairly put it to a vote of the Masters and their wives, knowing full well that I was married while Greenough was a widower. On this particular occasion he began, "Of course you will take parallel rulers and scales and compasses and verify all of the architects' plans and measurements." I hope Mr. Lowell did not notice the absolutely blank looks which Greenough and I exchanged. But Mr. Lowell meant just what he said. He himself was spending a great deal of most valuable time doing just that, and Charles Coolidge told me that Lawrence Lowell could tuck more into a given ground outline than he could. The superintendent of construction told me that he had to be early on the job, for immediately after morning chapel Lowell would come down to inspect the day's progress, and pose numerous and searching questions. In the afternoon he tended to reappear accompanied by his dog Phantom, climbing various ladders and visiting various inaccessible places which he had not been able to examine completely in the morning.

It was, I think, a sign of great wisdom on Mr. Lowell's part that vi-

tally as he was interested in the success of the House plan and every detail connected with it, he personally refrained from interfering in the management of the several Houses. If the individual Master felt, and I know that this was sometimes the case, that his individual freedom and initiative were needlessly restrained, the restriction came primarily from the officials of the Bursar's department. Mr. Lowell had the curious idea that all seven Houses were equally desirable. He did not know that when it was a question of dividing the last five Houses among as many Masters, the other four insisted that the most desirable, Eliot, should go to the senior Master, Mr. Merriman. Mr. Lowell said there was no difficulty in the matter, each Master was convinced that he had the best House. Clearly, no such equivalence was possible. The University authorities had to exercise a certain moderating influence to smooth out inequalities. The Master might resent the fact that the rent roll for his rooms was based not on their individual merit, but on a general University pattern and this stemmed ultimately from the high strategy of the Treasurer's office, which thought primarily of the total University budget, and very little of that of a particular undergraduate; there never was a question of Mr. Lowell, with all his absorbing interest in the success of the plan, interfering between the Master and the students under his charge.

Another educational experiment introduced immediately after the House Plan, was the Society of Fellows. Mr. Lowell was never particularly interested in the Graduate School. He thought that a large proportion of the men were essentially second-class material. He had no interest in a man or a branch of the University which he stigmatized as "good." The argument that a body of well-educated young men with the Harvard A.M. would constitute a body of Harvard rooters did not appeal to him. He believed that the Harvard A.B. with the accompanying requirement of a tutor and a general examination constituted a more valuable degree than an A.M. earned by four marks of B. Graduate students, whatever else they were, should be a highly selected body of men. Something similar existed in Princeton, but what he sought was already in existence in Trinity College, Cambridge, and Cambridge University looked very good in the year when some sixteen recipients of honorary degrees were from the other Cambridge, as compared with two from Oxford. Mr. Lowell was seconded by Professor Whitehead, a former Cambridge Fel-

low, Professor Henderson, and Professor Lowes, but in spite of their support it was essentially Mr. Lowell's personal contribution, his last, and he personally financed the project. Some of the restrictions, and still more the lack of restrictions, were unusual. The twenty-five Junior Fellows received substantial aid for three years, with the possibility of renewal for a limited period. The Fellow was free to study whenever and whatever he wanted. There was no requirement of courses or examinations, but an absolute prohibition against being a candidate for any degree. This involved hardship in some cases. A man who had done far more work, and more valuable work, than is usual for the Ph.D. degree was necessarily required to do additional study in order to be eligible for a position in a desirable University where a Ph.D. degree was absolutely required for appointment. This was certainly a real hardship, but the ideal of completely unfettered study was really noble. The only other requirement was weekly attendance at the Society's dinners, and this applied not only to the Junior Fellows, but to the five or six Seniors of whom Mr. Lowell himself was most certainly one. The plan has achieved a very great success, if we may judge by the positions occupied by former members of the Society, a success which I think is largely due to the meticulous care with which they are chosen in the first place.

In trying to form an impression of Mr. Lowell's life as a whole, my first idea is one of happiness. Life to him was intensely interesting, full of opportunity and challenge. He threw himself forward to meet what came to him with the greatest zest and enthusiasm. "Ein glücklicher Mensch, glücklich in der Familie, glücklich im Beruf." His happiness in his marriage to Mrs. Lowell was complete and unalloyed to the end. Was it a disappointment to him to be childless? Which of us can say? Very happy indeed he was in his career. He gave his life completely to that institution which meant the most to him, and success crowned his efforts in those details which meant the most. His point of view was above all objective. If the essential was reached, he cared nothing for personal credit for the achievement. When he failed, he regretted it, and had a tendency to claim success in some other way. He felt hurt when men whom he respected misconstrued his motives, but all this was quite secondary if he attained the desired end. His vanity was reserved for the smallest things. The success of the House Plan, which was almost completely the child of his own brain, gave him no particular

pride of achievement, but I thought I detected an air of satisfaction when he told me that he had been warned for speeding his car at the age of seventy-six. It did not occur to him that the enormous building development of the University during his administration was connected in any way with the fact that wealthy benefactors had confidence in an institution of which he was President. I once asked him if it were true that he had been arrested in Cotuit for indecent bathing. He replied with no shade of embarrassment, "No, only warned." He objected to a certain undergraduate, not for embarrassing the University by complaining of the wage scale of the scrub women, but because when the venerable Massachusetts Hall caught fire this young man got up on the roof before Mr. Lowell did.

Mr. Lowell's tastes were essentially simple. When Mrs. Lowell died he gave up his chauffeur and his large car; when a place was too far to reach by walking he drove himself. If you undertook to carry his bag you got all that was coming to you. He could attend a most elaborate dinner, talk with distinguished people and make a felicitous speech, but he saw no distinction between that and a Friday night supper with a friend, two large helpings of chowder, two of buckwheat cakes, and two Manilla cigars.

His mind was essentially keen and specific. His success came largely from this and from a habit of his which he once recommended to Franklin Roosevelt, who, it is fair to say, did not lack it himself. Mr. Lowell did not approve Roosevelt's policies in the last years; some of the New Deal plans he considered as absolutely pathological; nevertheless when the two were seated together, I think at the dinner of the New York Harvard Club, the ex-President of Harvard said to the incoming President of the United States, "Keep the initiative in your own hands." How completely each man fulfilled this valuable precept!

FROM A DANA HILL WINDOW

BY HELEN INGERSOLL TETLOW

Read June 6, 1951

MY reconditioned attic apartment overlooks the top branches of the Elm trees and at night the stars. A small bird tells me that the side of Dana Street on which I live — the left, as the Massachusetts Avenue bus disgorges commuters to circle about Dana Spa, headed for Broadway — is the last remnant of old Cambridge. The impressive column of shade trees opposite, no less indigenous to the soil, marks the Great Divide — the mid-rib of hemispheres. Here Cambridgeport begins.

Can it be that the Milky Way segregates the stars of Firmament 38 from Firmament 39? Through my opaque and murky window pane, the stars become transmuted. I imagine them to be symbolic of the great men of Cambridge, of whom Mr. Washington and Mr. Longfellow are the stars of great magnitude. Mr. Washington Allston, whose "Feast of Belshazzar" is today rolled up in the lower depths of the Fogg Art Museum, shines as a star of Cambridge 39.

On a trip to Keene, New Hampshire, to settle the estate of the Mackintoshes, early residents of Cambridgeport, I unearthed a pamphlet, yellow and frayed with time: a biography of Mr. Henry Francis Harrington, pastor of the Lee Street Society from 1855 to 1864.

It is important for an astronomer, when a star swims into his ken, to trace its earlier path through the sky. It is my purpose to recall Mr. Harrington's orbit from oblivion; to turn a telescope on his life as a whole, culminating with its special significance for Cambridge. This involves piecing together written accounts and a correspondence which includes letters from John Quincy Adams, Josiah Quincy, Charles Francis Adams, Charles Dickens, and others. The selections made are here read in public for the first time.

Mr. Harrington was in touch with affairs of state through his brother George, who was Assistant Secretary of the Treasury at the time of Lincoln, under Salmon P. Chase, and afterwards our resident minister in

Switzerland. He was familiar with the somewhat pompously named *litterati* of New York, as an editor, and through his wife's sister, the early American poet, Frances Sargent Osgood, friend of Edgar Allan Poe. As a teacher, author, critic, member of school committees, and clergyman, he brought to his ministry here a personality enriched by his tentative explorations into professional realms, before choosing the occupation which was to draw out his best powers — that of an educator.

"Henry Francis Harrington was born August 15, 1814, in Roxbury, Massachusetts, and was the son of Joseph and Rebecca Harrington of that town."¹ A word should be said for dear, decadent Roxbury. There was not the Roxbury that shakes itself into a spanking silence in recoil from the boom of elevated trains over Washington Street. It was the Roxbury of the straw-carpeted horse car, the carryall, the velocipede, the Norfolk House, the Proscenium Club, the Plato Club, to which Dr. Santayana tells us that Mrs. Sturgis was invited in order to meet the "best people." It was the Roxbury where Edward Everett Hale was as conspicuous a figure against standpipe and pudding-stone, as, today, in the Public garden he stands poised with broadbrimmed hat and cane, beside the swan boats and the tulips.

"From the schools of his native town, Mr. Harrington passed to Phillips Exeter Academy. There, in the years 1829 and 1830, he had, as a fellow student, General Benjamin F. Butler. From Exeter Academy, he entered Harvard College, graduating in 1834. Among his classmates was Thomas Cushing, the founder of Chauncy Hall School. It will thus be seen that he entered upon active life with the best intellectual preparation New England could afford. For the two years following his graduation, he served as usher in the English High School of Boston. Soon, however, he turned to literary pursuits, editing a paper then called the *Boston Herald*, and, later, removed to New York, where he engaged in similar employments."

The *Galaxy Magazine*, of which Mr. Harrington was editor, printed a scathing criticism of a current production at the Tremont Theatre in Boston, the tragedy *Rienzi*, by the English author, Miss Mitford. The part of the Italian patriot was played by the well-known English-Ameri-

¹This sentence and following quoted passages are from the pamphlet biography noted above.

can actor James William Wallack, manager of the National and Wallack Theatres, of New York. Mr. Wallack, brushing aside etiquette between artists and their critics, countered by sending Mr. Harrington the following indignant protest.

Tremont House,
Thursday, 7th. April, 1836.

Sir:

In your paper of Saturday last, there is an article upon the Tragedy of *Rienzi*, as acted at the Tremont Theatre. I am well aware how dangerous and how absurd it would appear, for an actor to answer a criticism, in a publick paper written upon himself, — the artist, from his very position, is fair game and must submit to critical opinion, be what it may, in silence. But, sir, the gentleman who furnished that criticism to your columns, has gone rather beyond his calling. It contains the following sentence — “Mr. Wallack mutilates his author, he omits some sentences, alters others, and transposes a third portion.”

Now, the actor who can merit so sweeping a charge as this, is guilty of injustice to the author, dishonesty to the manager, and disrespect to the publick! — to neither of which charges, in my long and laborious professional career, have I had cause to plead guilty.

That any publick speaker, be he actor, or orator, may, in the excitement of declamation (particularly in impassioned declamation) occasionally misplace or may substitute a word, or words, is true, — but, even this, with a careful actor, in important parts of the drama, is not common. I feel certain, sir, the gentleman who furnished that criticism, could not, when he penned it, have been aware of the extent of the accusation in the sentence I complain of.

I act *Rienzi* from a book mark'd and copied exactly from the prompting manuscript of Drury Lane Theatre, which was used at the rehearsals of the Tragedy, previous to its production, — and the few curtailments and alterations therein, were, most of them, at the suggestion, and *all* adopted under the immediate eye of the highly gifted authoress, who attended every rehearsal during its preparation.

It is probable the critick has judged me, as to the text, by one of the incorrect versions which we sold as “acting copies” — or, possibly, from memory, only, — in either case, the imputation is decidedly unjust.

I am not vain, or weak enough, to reply to a criticism, however severe, but I feel call'd upon to defend my professional industry and integrity from undeserved aspersion. Acting is my profession, not writing, therefore I have a great aversion to appear before the publick in the present mode; —

But, sir, I feel a full reliance on your fairness to give a place to this letter in your next publication.

I cannot but remark, in conclusion, that it is a most fortunate thing for all artists, that criticks do sometimes, as well as Doctors, differ! — and this homely

adage has been fully evidenced in the present matter, for every paper in Boston which noticed my personation of 'Rienzi,' has spoken of it most kindly and encouragingly, the *Galaxy*, alone, excepted.

I have the honour to be,

Sir

Your obliged sv't,

J. W. Wallack

"Mr. Harrington, through no fault of his own, was not pecuniarily successful in his literary adventures, but the experience he gained was exceedingly valuable. Here appears to have been formed the fluent and sparkling style so familiar to readers of his later writings. From this source, too, came in part the fund of anecdotes which rendered him so charming in conversation with kindred spirits. Who of us, that heard him tell of the first reading of Longfellow's 'Excelsior,' in the Editorial Sanctum, will forget that day of beginnings, both for himself and for the poet?"

Mr. de Valcourt has kindly allowed me to browse among the notes Mr. Longfellow was in the habit of jotting down with reference to the publication of his poems. "Excelsior" was written September 18, 1841. It was first published in what its author called that "milk toast magazine" — the *Ladies' Companion*. If a meeting took place between Mr. Longfellow and Mr. Harrington, it may well have occurred in the office of this paper, as the *Companion* was edited by both Mr. Harrington and Mrs. Osgood. On file at 105 Brattle Street is a letter to the poet from Mrs. Osgood, to whom he sent "Voices of the Night." In my possession are several photographs of Mr. Longfellow, differing slightly from others in existence elsewhere. In all probability, these were given to Mr. Harrington by Mr. Longfellow.

"About this time Mr. Harrington began a course of theological study with Rev. Dr. Henry Whitney Bellows, pastor of All Souls Church, New York, and in 1841 he accepted an invitation to supply the pulpit of the Unitarian Church in Savannah, Georgia." He had not yet been ordained as a minister, but was a sort of spiritual intern. "On the way, he visited his brother George, who was mayor of a Southern city." Like the Peddlar's Progress, his journey ended in penury. "Returning north, he became, for three years, minister-at-large, in Providence, Rhode Island." He was ordained by Rev. Chandler Robbins.

1842, as all lovers of Mr. Pickwick know, was memorable for the first visit of Charles Dickens to America and to the Tremont House in Boston. Mr. Payne has chronicled the events of each day. "The busy, congested, but enchantingly vivid moments, when Mr. Dickens was appalled by scores of invitations to dinner parties and balls, and requests for autographs, when he was trying to eat his breakfast," led Mr. Alexander, the portrait painter and friend, to engage in his behalf the secretarial services of Mr. George Putnam.

"It is a source of regret," writes Mr. Payne, "that the vast quantity of mail that came to the Tremont House was not preserved, in some form, for it would have helped so much to give a clear picture of this glorious visit."

We read that "on January 28th, probably Professor Felton," the American classical scholar, later President of Harvard College, "arrived in the afternoon, and took Boz out for a saunter, dropping in, no doubt, at some oyster cellars. Professor Felton had been known to eat twenty dozen at one sitting, and would have eaten forty if the truth had not flashed upon the shop keeper."

Upon learning of Mr. Dickens's forthcoming visit to Boston, the young men of Providence appointed Mr. Harrington as their representative to call upon him and present their message of welcome. This Mr. Harrington did, but, finding no one at home, must have left a note to convey, besides the good wishes of his sponsors, an additional greeting of his own.

On the very day on which Professor Felton consumed the oysters, and Mr. Prescott, the author of *Ferdinand and Isabella*, with his wife, entertained the Dickenses at dinner, Mr. Dickens sat down and dictated a letter to Mr. Harrington. This letter is signed with his familiar flourish, on stationery inscribed "Tremont House, January 28."

Dear Sir,

I very much regret not having seen you when you did me the favor to call here. I am much gratified by the communication you have made to me from the young men of Providence, and I assure you I am unaffectedly sorry that I cannot meet them and personally reciprocate their kind feelings at present. Although the distance from Boston is so short, it is an almost insurmountable journey to me; every moment of my time being fully occupied during the whole time of my stay here.

I beg you to return my hearty thanks to those on whose behalf you have communicated with me and to say that I still look forward to meeting them when I return this way next June.

I scarcely know what to say in relation to that part of your earnest letter in which you speak of the effect my books have had upon your life, but I can honestly tell you that I have never received from any quarter, public or private, any testimony of their usefulness which has impressed me more — or any encouragement to proceed in the same course, which I shall longer remember.

Faithfully Yours,
Charles Dickens

A letter to Mr. Harrington from Mr. Jared Sparks illustrates the let-down to which the utterances of a distinguished historian, clergyman, editor of the *North American Review*, Professor of History and President of Harvard University, may be subjected due to the inadvertent importunities of a wife.

Cambridge, Oct. 2d., 1843

Dear Sir,

I trust you will excuse me for writing to you on a little matter in which you have no personal interest. Mrs. Sparks has engaged a Mrs. White, of Providence, as a cook, who has been employed the past summer, at Newport. She requested us to write to her through you from which I presume you are acquainted with her, and take a kind interest in her affairs. She engaged to come to us by the 10th of October. Mrs. Sparks wishes her to be informed, that she shall expect her, at the latest, by that day, and will be glad to see her as much sooner as she can make it convenient to come. She will be much disappointed if Mrs. White delays beyond the day agreed upon, as her present cook has made engagements, which will require her to go away.

Accept, sir, the assurance of the respect and kind regards of

Your most obedient ser't,
Jared Sparks

"By 1844, Mr. Harrington was settled as Minister of the Unitarian Church in Albany, New York." The Albany parish was no bed of roses, if we are to judge by adverse comments in one of his sermons. "Yet, in all his work as a clergyman, the post of pioneer was preferred. No field was so much coveted, as a hard field." Before undertaking this outpost, he asked Dr. Bellows to appeal to the church to raise more money. Dr. Bellows sent a somewhat ironic, half-hearted assurance that — "all that can be done in New York for Albany shall be done. You must leave

us to take our own time, and our own way. I am no summer friend of the Albany Society. I shall, assuredly, after a careful survey of the ground, take such measures as will squeeze the most out of the people — a fair suits none — not even Mrs. Schuyler — most are in favor of subscriptions. But, at present, I hang off from this method. After our best efforts, the Albanians will have to be satisfied, more or less. I can promise nothing, but — ‘we’ll try.’ ”

During Mr. Harrington’s pastorate in Albany, he had some correspondence with Horace Greeley on the Abolition movement and the socialistic experiments that attracted much attention at the time.

Mr. Greeley’s handwriting is a challenge to the faint-hearted. It is recorded that young aspirants applied to him for letters of recommendation, knowing that their qualifications, on the negative side, would never be suspected, as no one could read a single word he wrote in their behalf.

With the help of more than one type of magnifying glass, my scrutiny of a letter which resembles the cryptic inscription on Dighton Rock, is thus rewarded:

Railroad and steamboat to New York, Steamboat to Keyport, New Jersey, Stage to N. A. Phalanx, Middletown. I think the boat starts from foot of Robinson St., North River, at 3 p.m. and you arrive at the Phalanx about 8, a pleasant sail and a ride from this city. Why didn’t you see me, when this way, lately?

Yours,

Horace Greeley.

Still in a maze, it chanced that the Monthly Book Club delivers Mr. William Harlan Hale’s life of Horace Greeley at my door. I tear through the index. Suddenly, the word “phalanstery” reminds me of a delightful trip in company with Professor Dana to Brook Farm. Light breaks. The letter is an invitation to Mr. Harrington to visit the colony founded by Albert Brisbane, the dreamer, from Batavia, New York. “Troubled by the coming of an industrial society, Brisbane transplanted, in America, as did the transcendentalists, the preaching of Fourier, that extraordinary Frenchman — dry, aquiline, mathematical, rationalistic, and yet capable of surging human sympathies. What society needed, Mr. Brisbane believed, was organization into small, compact, social cells. Work and rewards were to be divided by a system, under which the oppressions and monotony of labor would be overcome by harmonious team work, of all classes. ‘Eureka’ he cried.”

"Mr. Greeley's editorial endorsement of the ideas precipitated the founding of the colonies, into which he had put a considerable portion of the *Tribune* funds, to such an extent that Mr. Brisbane, not wishing to be totally left behind, as the movement mushroomed, hurried his *North American* phalanx into existence prematurely. Instead of starting a model community, with several hundred families, comfortably quartered, he broke ground with only a few dozen, living in shacks and squalor, while they prepared communal dwellings for the others, who never came. Mr. Greeley, visiting the gaunt, communal building at Red Bank, New Jersey, where a leaning porch substituted for the intended grand colonnade, and where dedicated men wore long beards, while their elderly women took to bloomers, was one of America's persistent romantics.

"Both Brook Farm and Mr. Brisbane's reformist schemes evaded more issues than they faced. Neither became large enough to threaten, remotely, the established order."

"About the year 1847, Mr. Harrington became pastor of a church in Lawrence, Massachusetts, preaching, it is said, the first Unitarian sermon ever delivered there. He was chosen upon the school committee, and, as long as he would serve, continued to be a very influential member of that body. To him, in great measure, was due the organization of that city's excellent schools, one of the most economical and effective in our state."

Mr. Horace Mann was secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education, a post which he resigned while Mr. Harrington was in Lawrence, in order to become a Whig member of Congress, from Massachusetts.

A lengthy letter to Mr. Harrington from Mr. Mann, written the day following his arrival in Washington to take up his new duties, closes with a confession of his early reaction to the change in his life pattern. He writes:

I do but express what I deeply feel, when I say that I am much more in the mood of receiving condolences than congratulations at the late change in my position.

Many men who are out of Congress, desire to be in, but it is *my* lot, being in, to wish myself, fairly, out.

With great personal regard,
I am very truly yours,
Horace Mann

"This opinion Mr. Mann reversed, later, since he allowed himself to be re-elected to Congress."

Mr. Harrington invited Elihu Burritt to lecture in Lawrence. The "learned blacksmith" was a social reformer, an advocate of the abolition of war, author of "Sparks from the Anvil." A lengthy statement of principles — the "Pledge of the League of Universal Brotherhood" — tops his letter to Mr. Harrington.

LEAGUE OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

PLEDGE.

Believing all war to be inconsistent with the spirit of Christianity, and destructive of the best interests of mankind, I do, hereby, pledge myself never to enlist or enter into, any army or navy, or to yield any VOLUNTARY support, or sanction, to the preparation for, or prosecution of, any war by whomsoever, or for whatever, proposed, declared, or waged. And I do, hereby, associate myself with all persons, of whatever country, condition, or colour, who have signed, or shall, hereafter, sign, this pledge, in a "LEAGUE OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD;" whose object shall be to employ all legitimate and moral means for the abolition of all war, and all the spirit and all the manifestations of war, throughout the world; for the abolition of all restrictions upon international correspondence and friendly intercourse, and of whatever else tends to make enemies of nations, or prevents their fusion into one peaceful brotherhood; for the abolition of all institutions and customs which do not recognize and respect the image of God and a human brother in every man, of whatever clime, color, or condition of humanity.

Office of the American League
of Universal Brotherhood.

1852 marks the death of Joseph Harrington, a brother, who had been for only a few months the minister of the Unitarian church in San Francisco, California. This was a stunning blow to his parishioners for he had been admired and respected both inside and outside the pulpit and was beloved by all who came near him. The decision was made to invite Henry F. Harrington to take his place. Mr. Harrington was only thirty-nine at the time. Life was before him. Had he accepted the invitation — I have no means of knowing why he refused — and remained in San Francisco, it is conceivable that the great ministry of Rev. Starr King, who was called there a few years later, might never have come to pass.

A letter of invitation was sent to Mr. Harrington, the existence of

which I believe has never been suspected by those interested in the history of this church.

The letter to Mr. Harrington is from Rev. Frederick Dan Huntington who, at the time, was pastor of the South Congregational church in Boston. Later, he became Plummer Professor of Christian Morals at Harvard University. In 1860, he withdrew from the Unitarian denomination, and took orders in the Protestant Episcopal church, becoming in 1869 Bishop of Central New York.

Roxbury-Highlands,
Jan. 18, 1853

My dear Sir,

Rev. C. Lincoln, Rev. R. C. Waterston, Rev. F. T. Gray and myself, a Com. duly appointed and empowered by the Church and Society at San Francisco, lately under the pastoral charge of your brother, hereby cordially invite you to become the minister of said society at such date, — not far in the future — as may be convenient.

This proposition explains itself. We presume that you are as well acquainted with the position and singular claims of this parish as ourselves. Y'r sympathy and interest in your brother's brief ministry there, must have brought you acquainted with the facts we shall be most anxious to impress on y'r attention. New England has too much at stake on that Western Shore, to leave any thoughtful man indifferent to the religious culture and advantages of its population. If it is not apparent to you, already, that opportunities of ministerial influence and usefulness, altogether unrivalled on this continent, are thrown open in the Capitol of California, probably no representations of ours will lead you to such a view. But we think you will not fail to appreciate the weight of the demand, and the distinctness of y'r call to answer it.

To you, personally, the change proposed must, doubtless, be regarded as an important one; but, although we do not disguise our conviction that personal considerations ought, in a call like this, to be subordinated to those of a more public character, we do not esteem ourselves to be counselling you against your highest interests, when we urge y'r acceptance of the invitation. And, while we would, suitably, regard the interests of the Liberal Branch of the Christian Church, we find a deeper concern in y'r decision, from our hearty belief that the chief aim of y'r ministry, would be to preach the positive doctrines of the New Testament, to affirm the supernatural Revelation in the Gospel, to convert the sinful, to win souls to Christ.

Should you seek any further conference, respecting the details of the agreement, the members of the Com. would be glad to meet you, either separately or in a body. We are authorized to offer you a salary of five thousand (\$5000.00) *per annum*. In case you accept the offer, a thousand dollars (\$1000.00) will be

placed at your disposal to defray the expenses of y'r journey, with your family, to the scene of y'r labors. It is deemed desirable that the duties of the new ministry sh'd commence in the course of the approaching Spring.

Commending you affectionately, to the guidance of the Holy Spirit, for a right determination,

We are y'r friends and brothers in the faith of a common Lord.
and, in behalf of the Com. I am

Sincerely,
F. D. Huntington

"Mr. Harrington's next step was the removal to Cambridgeport, where, for ten years, till the spring of 1864, he held the pastorate of the Lee Street Church. He was installed on February 11, 1855. Here, as in Lawrence, he was a member of the School board."

We learn from Mr. Lucius Paige's history of Cambridge, to which Mrs. Pearl Brock Fahrney kindly called my attention, that the Lee Street Church was organized in 1846. "Most of its original members, together with its first pastor, had been connected with the Cambridgeport Parish, established in 1808. Their first Meeting House, on the Westerly side of Lee Street, near Harvard Street, was dedicated March 25, 1847, by their first pastor, Rev. Artemas B. Muzzey, who had previously been the pastor of the Cambridgeport Parish for twelve years. His pastorate began September 7, 1846, and continued until February 20, 1854, when his resignation was accepted. Mr. Harrington was his successor. He was installed Feb. 11, 1855. The church was consumed by fire (only a few weeks after his installation) — May 20, 1855. It was rebuilt on the same lot and was dedicated Jan. 23, 1856."

I am very much indebted to Dr. Henry Hallam Saunderson, a well-known member of this Society, for a clear and helpful review of the Lee Street Society, written especially for this paper. Dr. Saunderson writes:

In reviewing a part of the history of the Lee Street Church, we need a few words about the background of its organization. In the early years of New England, the Puritan founders created Towns, and, in each Town a Parish. Let us realize that the word Parish meant not only a group of people but an area of land. The taxes collected by the Town included money for the support of religion.

In Cambridge the First Parish was established in the year 1633. In the course of time, shipping brought prosperity to that part of the town which lies eastward, toward Boston. The legislature of Massachusetts passed an act setting off the Cambridgeport Parish. Such action by the legislature was necessary in any such

division of the Parish. A geographical line was drawn dividing the area of the Parishes.

Then the law and custom of the time allowed the creation of what was called a "Poll Parish." That part of Cambridge in and near what is now Lechmere Square had an era of prosperity, and a group of people organized themselves as "The Third Congregational Society." The people who formed that Society taxed themselves for its support.

Then came two events which affected all the early churches of Massachusetts. One was the Unitarian-Trinitarian controversy and the bitter strife within so many Parishes. In Cambridge the First Parish, the Cambridgeport Parish and the Third Congregational Society sided with the Unitarians. Then also about one hundred and twenty years ago, the Massachusetts legislature took from all Parishes the right of taxation; and the support of churches was put on a purely voluntary basis.

In the Cambridgeport Parish a group of people took an attitude of discontent, and planned secession. Old records say that they declared that the Cambridgeport Parish was not democratic; that a few wealthy people dominated its life and that it was socially exclusive. How much truth there was in these allegations we do not know. But the dissenters organized themselves into the Lee Street Church, and built a church building on that street. This Society was also Unitarian.

Business changes and the shifting of population brought times of hardship to these three churches. More than fifty years ago they agreed on merging into one Society. The building of the Cambridgeport Parish was on Austin Street, and it was retained as the meeting-house of the combined Societies. The Third Congregational Society had endowments, and so that name was retained. The Lee Street Church building was sold.

In 1910 a disastrous fire damaged so seriously the church building on Austin Street that the Society built a new building on Harvard Street, between Dana and Hancock Streets — a beautiful Gothic piece of architecture. But further shifting of population resulted in the federation of the Society with the First Parish. Each organization keeps its identity, but the annual meetings are held concurrently. The endowments of the Third Congregational Society add substantially to the income of the First Parish.

Thanks to the kind interest of Mr. Frederick T. Rundlet, a member of the First Parish Church, I am able to read extracts from the sermon preached by Dr. Muzzey on the occasion of the dedication of the Lee Street Church on March 25, 1847. It is entitled, "Brotherhood in the Sanctuary," and seems to verify the supposition that the reason for the secession from the mother church was the undemocratic nature of the parish. Mr. Rundlet tells me that Miss Faustina Wade, a member of the church, gave him this paper. The text is taken from Isaiah, "Mine house shall be called a house of prayer for all people."

At the time when this language was uttered, no form of religion was so liberal in its provisions for worshippers as Judaism. The temple at Jerusalem, through its prophets, predicted that all nations and individuals, irrespective of rank, caste or condition, should, with one heart and soul, bow down and worship, together, before their common God and Father. Jesus Christ was sent to abolish those false distinctions that had separated man from his brother man.

We have created this house — the Lee Street Society, in the hope of doing something to illustrate this great truth. To be true, then, to the gospel, every house of worship should be open to all people. The rich and poor should meet there, together.

Animated by these views and feelings and desirous not only of personal benefit, but of doing something for the spiritual edification of the needy, you have formed, in this fair portion of our city, a new religious society. The success that has, thus far, attended your efforts, has shewn the wisdom of the movement. Amid a population rapidly increasing and incommoded by their distance from the present houses of worship, you have created another temple to the service of the Most High. On these beautiful grounds, and from this elevated spot, you desire to look far and wide, and invite "everyone that thirsteth" to come and "take the water of life, freely." It is our hope that the "rich and poor may here meet together," and that, according to the ability which God hath given them, and as their unbidden liberality shall dictate, they may contribute to the support of this altar.

The event which Dr. Saunderson describes as a "merging into one society" is further recorded by the Third Congregational Society in Cambridge on the occasion of the exercises in commemoration of the twentieth anniversary of the settlement of Rev. George W. Briggs, D.D., April 6, 1887. Dr. Briggs writes:

Perhaps some allusion should be made at this time to the change that has taken place in the legal reconstruction of the parish during the past year, by which the original name of the corporation was changed, but leaving all other things relating to its organization and government, as before. It is a singular fact that, just about forty years ago, a portion of the society, feeling somewhat aggrieved, left, and formed a new society which, after struggling through many changes and trials, and with varying degrees of success and failures, in which they showed a commendable zeal and perseverance, with most of the original members either dead or removed to other localities, and without a pastor, and few in number, and with a debt hanging over them, it was thought wise and expedient that the two societies should unite, and a hearty and cordial invitation was extended to the Lee Street Society to join, again, with us. The invitation was received in the same spirit in which it was given, and measures were taken to bring about so desirable an end, and the result was accomplished satisfactorily to all concerned, and the union was consummated without a dissenting voice.

About the same time, the Unitarian Society in East Cambridge, was in something the same condition as their neighbors of Lee Street, the population in that locality, having been undergoing a radical change in its character, during the twenty years, most of the old families moving to other parts of the city, and their places filled by foreigners who had no sympathy with Unitarians. The case, however, differed, in one respect, from the other, for, instead of being troubled with a debt, they were burdened with a fund for which they had no use, so, in order to relieve them from their trouble, we were willing to take the fund and with it their corporate name, and, thus, while we saved one society from embarrassment, by paying the debt, we relieved the other by taking their fund and becoming responsible for its proper custody and use. And so, these three societies became one — one in name, one in spirit and one in purpose.

It is a tragic circumstance that a member of the Lee Street Society burned the church records. Yet, as with all conflagrations, something survived — the minutes of the meetings of the Ladies Charitable Society; folksy and revealing — how much more eloquent they are than a mere formal record! Preserved with them in the Unitarian Historical Library is a photograph of Mr. Harrington which I have here today, and will gladly show to anyone interested. The notes which I shall read were recorded during his pastorate.

NOTES OF THE LADIES CHARITABLE SOCIETY

Several cases of destitution were presented by the secretary, as reported belonging to us from the U. B. Ass. Some discussion followed as to our means, whether, it would be advisable as a society to expend any more money upon the poor in that district. The matter was settled by a unanimous vote that it was not.

Mr. Harrington called the attention of the ladies to a proposition which he had to make, which was that he wished to tell the children at the Sunday School, to meet him at the Athenaeum Hall [on the site of the present Telephone Company office] to have a good frolic, the children to bring their own refreshments.

One of our benevolent secretaries, but a short time, since, was requested, by a poor woman, to furnish her with a stuff rocking chair, as she said her health was quite delicate. It was thought best to refuse, as she would probably demand a sofa next.

There seems to be a general feeling of dissatisfaction as regards the appropriation of the time and money spent in our association which gives mostly to Irish families and whether it benefits them is, at least, doubtful.

Wed. Nov. 6th, 1861. A large and enthusiastic meeting was held on this evening, at the vestry. The ladies assembled for the purpose of making comforters for the soldiers, but, hearing of the destitute condition of the *prisoners* of war at

Fort Warren, it was voted that the results of the afternoon's labor should be sent to *their* relief. The following day, Mr. Stiles furnished a suitable box, packed the comforters and forwarded them, with the following note.

Cambridge, Nov. 7th, '61

To his Honor the Mayor of the City of Boston,
Sir,

The Ladies of the Lee St. Association take great pleasure in offering to you, for the benefit of the prisoners of war, at Ft. Warren, nineteen comforters manufactured by them at their last meeting.

Will you be kind enough to forward them, by the earliest opportunity?

93 pairs of stockings were brought in by the ladies, in aid of the soldiers in Missouri.

In looking over the last annual report, I find these words at the close, "Let us do, with our might, whatsoever our hands find to do, remembering, in due season, we shall reap if we faint not."

Wed. Nov. 7th, 1861.

Mr. Harrington made a few remarks, saying that nothing had been to him a greater instance of the peculiar nature of the war, than the fact that the ladies, assembled for the purpose of working for our own soldiers, hearing of the sufferings of the prisoners, proceeded, with equal zeal, to labor in aid of them. He said, it was one of the purest impulses that ever stirred the heart of humanity. He said he hoped we should come, next time, two for one, and work for our own soldiers. (great sensation).

The quilt made by Miss Sweetzer and raffled at the Fair, was drawn, this evening, by Mr. Stone. Mr. Harrington jocosely remarked, that there was propriety in Mr. Stone drawing the prize, as we were about to make demands upon his generosity for a needed strip of land in the erection of the vestry, but the secret of his good fortune lay in the fact that he held a large number of tickets.

We are informed by those parties who have been recently discharged from the Fort, that the extraordinary interest, care and anxiety, which has been manifested from all quarters of Massachusetts, for the prisoners, have been a source of great surprise to them, for they had been led to believe Massachusetts and Boston had buried all feelings of humanity in the present contest.

Here, Fanny Harrington who, later, married the grandson of Peter Mackintosh, a deacon in the church, takes up her pen:

Dec. 3, 1862. At three o'clock, a small circle gathered in the vestry and proceeded to work; gradually, the number increased, until we had quite a large meeting, and, of thirty shirts, which were taken from the Sanitary Rooms, twenty were given out.

About tea time, the gentlemen appeared, and, we passed one of the most social, agreeable evenings, that we have ever enjoyd.

Wed. Oct. 7th, 1863.

The social feeling [Fanny writes] manifested at the meetings, has been as lively and sympathetic as ever, yet it is to be noticed, that the number present has been inferior to that of preceding years. The gentlemen, expressly, have not honored us with their attendance in the evening, as freely as before. However, when this cruel war is over, and the minds of the gentlemen are relieved of the unusual cares and anxieties that now absorb them, let us hope that this and all other interests of the church will, again, receive their earnest attention.

On July 25th, 1861, four days after the battle of Bull Run, Mr. Harrington took a trip to Washington, presumably to visit wounded parishioners or investigate prison conditions. A pass was issued to him, stamped:

Headquarters, Military Department of Washington

Pass Rev. Mr. Harrington over the Bridges to Alexandria and back.

By order of General Mansfield, Commanding:

Signed (with a quill pen)

Drake De Kay

Aide de Camp

It is understood that the within named and subscriber accepts the pass, on his word of honor, that he is and will be ever loyal to the United States; and if, hereafter, found, in arms, against the Union, or, in any way aiding her enemies, the penalty will be — death.

In the *Christian Register* of Sept. 29, 1887, the following paragraph is inserted:

Some essays of Mr. Harrington's, on education, in a Cambridge newspaper, led to his being called away from the Lee Street Church, where his ministry had been a success from the beginning. As the church, at the date of writing, is the Cambridge Latin School, the transition is a symbol of its pastor's experience. His devoted spirit, his fervent speech, his unaffected love of the young, made their mark through all his career.

"Mr. Harrington was called, in 1864, to succeed Abner J. Phipps, as superintendent of schools in New Bedford, Massachusetts. At fifty years of age, with slight physique, but all alive with zeal and courage,

he took what proved to be the main work of his life, for which he became nationally known. Here, until his death, in 1887, his career was marked by intense earnestness, and unremitting labor." He once remarked that the happiest day of his life, was the day on which he discovered that he was not a genius. "Apparently, he little knew, that he was a genius among educators!"

Mr. Harrington's wife, Elizabeth Locke Harrington, was a "woman of fine culture and possessed the faculty of poetic writing. Her's was a rare and delightful circle. She was a friend of Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody, of A. Bronson Alcott's school, and the cult of transcendentalists." I, myself, remember being taken by Mrs. Harrington as a child to see Miss Peabody. With us was Miss Anna Parsons, to whom many of the Orvis letters from Brook Farm were written. It was a very touching occasion, as it was the last time the three elderly friends could ever hope to meet.

Mrs. Harrington's half sister, Anna Maria Wells, and Fanny Osgood are included in the volume entitled *Female Poets of America* compiled by Mr. Rufus Griswold.

Two of Mr. Harrington's daughters married nephews of Harvard professors: Professor George M. Lane, whose classical studies brought him less celebrity than did his authorship of the lines "The waiter roared it through the hall, We don't give bread with one fish ball," and Professor Eben Horsford, who, apart from his research in regard to the voyages of the Norsemen, is immortalized at the Longfellow House by the grandfather's chair which he and the children of Cambridge had constructed out of the wood of the spreading chestnut tree and gave to Mr. Longfellow on his 72nd birthday. The third daughter married John Tetlow.

Among Mr. Harrington's living descendants are the Carr family of Winchester, Henry F. Tryon, Katharine Tryon, and James Tryon of Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, and, here in Cambridge, his great, great grandchildren, the two small daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Roland Boyden.

"For the first time, in the history of New Bedford, a school was named for an individual, and called the Harrington Memorial School. The people of the city Mr. Harrington served were not insensible to his devotion. On a Friday, between the hours of eleven and twelve, forty-five hundred school children gathered, each school, in its own room, and, in ways manifold and various, honored his memory by memorial

services, and, later in the day, many a little group wound its way to a certain grassy hillside, till, ere nightfall, the bright flowers of autumn banked high his grave and made new mounds of beauty all about it. Thus, lies his memory garlanded within the hearts of the young people whom he served."

FOUR YEARS AT HARVARD COLLEGE: 1888-1892

BY CHARLES LANE HANSON

Read October 22, 1951

THIS CHAPTER from the *Autobiography* I wrote for my family — not for publication — needs a bit of background.

Born within four miles of Phillips Exeter Academy, the son of a village storekeeper, I was taught by my mother until at the age of seven I began to attend the public schools. Some excellent teaching came in the so-called "high" school, in spite of the time spent in the use of the ferule. The training in mental arithmetic supplemented nicely my experience in the store, and I took keen pleasure in the careful reasoning insisted on in the study of grammar. There was plenty of time for play and other recreations. There were good horses to drive and ride, dogs and other pets to love. There were the simple games of the day. There were exciting wrestling matches among us boys, and always there was the absorbing interest in the store, which I preferred to much reading, and in the many customers with whom I had to deal. When one of my uncles assured me that I was prepared to enter Phillips Exeter Academy, the possibility of my attending that revered institution was both startling and stimulating. At the time I was a rather serious-minded lad of fourteen.

In 1884 I entered Exeter, whose boys represented twenty-eight states and territories and fifteen religious denominations, and whose teachers tried to treat us as men. Nothing about this freedom, however, excited me; I was used to taking responsibility and to being trusted.

Dr. Andrew Preston Peabody once said that his idea of Exeter training was that "it teaches a man to read the preface of a book," apparently meaning that "it teaches a man who is about to undertake anything to find the length and scope of it before he tackles it." Perhaps this sort of training helped me choose my college. At any rate I dodged the *alma mater* of two of my uncles, Amherst, because it was saturated with secret societies, and Dartmouth, because as a small restricted college it seemed better adapted to boys who had not enjoyed such a school as Exeter,

and chose Harvard. And I counted on Harvard to give me excellent preparation for my life work.

The rewarding experience of my mother's teaching before her marriage had much to do with my hope that a teacher's work would go far toward satisfying my eager desire to be of real service to others, especially to youth. Perhaps too the Exeter training aided me in choosing a vocation. The choice was made one day in my senior year in the Academy Chapel, surrounded by excellent portraits of such alumni as Daniel Webster, Edward Everett, Lewis Cass, George Bancroft, John G.alfrey, Jared Sparks, and Christopher Langdell. In considering the professions I was attracted neither by the prospect of attending the sick nor by the excitement of performing surgical operations. Equally distasteful, it seemed, would be endless hours of research among musty law books with the inevitable hair-splitting distinctions. The ministry would offer an opportunity to be helpful but the possibility of my accomplishing much as a pulpit orator seemed satisfyingly remote. My adolescent conception of business did not take into account the opportunities a business man has of serving the community in various ways, but teaching had the decided advantage of enabling me to live with youth.

Most of the material on which this chapter on Harvard College is based has been taken from a Journal in which, at the request of my mother, I wrote now and then.

President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard said in his inaugural address in 1869:

The endless controversies whether language, philosophy, mathematics, or science supplies the best mental training, whether general education should be chiefly literary or chiefly scientific, have no practical lesson for us today. This University recognizes no real antagonism between literature and science, and consents to no such narrow alternatives as mathematics or classics, science or metaphysics. We would have them all, and at their best . . .

The worthy fruit of academic culture is an open mind, trained in careful thinking, instructed in the methods of philosophic investigation, acquainted in a general way with the accumulated thought of past generations, and penetrated with humility. It is thus that the university in our day serves Christ and the church.¹

¹ S. E. Morison, *Three Centuries of Harvard*, pp. 329-330.

And it was in this inaugural too that he said: "Two kinds of men make good teachers — young men and men who never grow old."

Nineteen years later, in 1888, I entered Harvard, hoping to be a good teacher as a young man but giving little or no thought to growing old.

In this same address President Eliot had voiced the need of a training so wide that it would enable a young man of nineteen or twenty to know what he likes best and is most fit for, "whether he is most apt at language or philosophy or natural science or mathematics. If he feels no loves," said the incoming President, "he will at least have his hates . . . When the revelation of his own peculiar taste and capacity comes to a young man, let him reverently give it welcome, thank God, and take courage. Thereafter he knows his way to happy, enthusiastic work, and, God willing, to usefulness and success."²

As an eighteen-year-old freshman I still had some time for finding out what I most wanted to do. During some of my walks I reviewed my conception of business, the law, and the ministry and confirmed my earlier judgment.

In 1888 among the attractions offered by the city of Cambridge were several streets of considerable charm. One that pleased me especially was North Avenue, the name then given to the street that is now called Massachusetts Avenue, leading north from Harvard Square to Arlington. It was entirely residential. The wide avenue, the spacious lawns, the beautiful trees, the large, comfortable-looking houses well back from the unusually broad sidewalks furnished a suitable setting for the fine horses and attractive carriages that enlivened the picture. From time to time a tinkle-tinkle announced the coming of a two-horse street car.

Charlie Dow and I were fortunate in securing two unheated rooms in Thayer Hall, in the college yard, in the quadrangle which, in sharp contrast to the Avenue, looks now much as it did when we began our four happy years together. A "goody" took care of our rooms, but we brought our coal and water from the basement, unless we crossed the Yard for the delicious drinking water at the famous pump. Although I recall no discomfort from the fireplace heating, the coal failed to inspire the friendliness of a cheerful wood fire; it was useful to keep us comfortable, not tempting to read by or to gather around as we enjoyed college-boy conversations.

²Henry James, *Charles W. Eliot*, Vol. I, p. 230.

When we studied we sat on opposite sides of the one desk and shared the kerosene-oil student lamp. We had some friends in common, but each had some of his own and at times we were subjected to Spartan training in the art of concentrating on our work while an animated conversation hovered about us. If there was too much conversation in the study, the College Library was almost next door — a haven of assured quiet with a convenient alcove for special study. As the Library was not fire-proof, we were shoved out at sunset by an alert, fair-haired boy who made the rounds at the proper moment with a musical but final "Library closed": Walter B. Briggs.

We had no reason for feeling lonesome. Our class numbered 309, and I counted 200 old Exeter boys in the University whom I knew by sight and felt free to speak to if occasion prompted. We had become members of a miraculously free and civilized society. We could "live where we pleased, eat where we pleased, think, read, say, go and come as we pleased."³

We joined the seven or eight hundred who ate in Memorial Hall. Eleven of us old Exeter boys formed the nucleus of a table which included two or three boys who had no school group to join. One of these, Edmund W. Clap, has been a highly-valued friend throughout the years and incidentally has won a reputation second to none as a Boston oculist.

The food was substantial and good and the table companions were agreeable. We had meat three times a day, with two kinds for dinner at night; pie or cake at noon and pudding and fruit for dinner. My increase in weight from 123 in October to 145 the following January would seem to indicate that I did not suffer from lack of nourishment. To vary the monotony we frequently were favored with visitors who settled themselves in the balcony "to see the pigs eat." On one occasion a young woman wielded her lorgnette so diligently as to render her scrutiny of individuals too pronounced, but in general the spectators were well behaved. The Thursday afternoon vesper service afforded the students an excellent opportunity to invite their lady friends to get a glimpse of college life. After the service the guests would pour into our dining-room and usually the entertainment was two-sided.

Thayer Hall was next door to the College Chapel and I naturally attended the first Sunday vesper service of the year. There were ad-

³ C. M. Flandrau '95, in the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*, Nov. 18, 1944.

dresses by Francis G. Peabody and Phillips Brooks. Edward Everett Hale preached and William Lawrence and Alexander McKenzie took part in the exercises. This was our introduction to the preachers who were to take turns during the year in conducting the vesper services and in giving the five-minute morning talks. The new plan of voluntary chapel had just begun to function. Subject to much unfavorable criticism, it was appealing to many as a sensible substitute for required attendance. Those who came now came to worship; the students and the members of the faculty assembled quietly, listened attentively to some of the ablest preachers in the country, took part in the inspiring singing. It was an excellent beginning of the day.

This freedom of worship was a part of President Eliot's elective system, then in full swing at Harvard, and there were those who were horrified at the extreme swing of the pendulum. Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson was reported to have said "they've made Greek elective, and Latin elective, and mathematics elective, and now they've gone and made God elective."

Sunday mornings I was a regular attendant at the First Church, Congregational. Dr. Alexander McKenzie's powerful preaching thrilled me week after week and Professor J. Henry Thayer's Bible class which followed was most satisfying and stimulating. A professor in the Harvard Divinity School, Mr. Thayer was also Secretary of the New Testament Company which, with the Old Testament Company, had prepared the Revised Version of the Bible which appeared in 1885. Mr. Thayer's sanity and fairness, together with his ripe scholarship, increased swiftly and steadily my interest in the Bible.

I joined the Society of Christian Brethren — soon afterward called the Young Men's Christian Association. In this group were thoughtful young men whose lives proved rich and useful. With some of them, notably with Herbert Logan Root, for many years Episcopal Bishop in China, I attended religious meetings in neighboring cities as a delegate. Root and I also visited sailors in South Boston and East Boston and spoke to them. Several of us studied the Bible together, using the Harper method. Some Sunday evenings I sang in a chorus of about twenty Harvard students in the Grand Opera House, where the Episcopal City Mission held well-attended services for non-church-goers.

Sunday was a restful day, on which I did no studying whatever. The

Sunday afternoon William Lyon Phelps, a graduate of Yale who was studying at Harvard, invited me to spend with him has been a pleasant reminder through the years of his genuine good fellowship. Although I have talked with him only once since college days, my heart has always kept a warm spot for Billy and I have followed his remarkable achievements with increasing interest, especially during the latter part of his career.

At this time I considered carefully an invitation to join Delta Upsilon, but I finally declined on the ground that my numerous acquaintances offered me all the college life I needed. The expense it would involve and the time it would take made the venture seem inadvisable.

In planning my Sophomore year it looked as if the Freshman mathematics would prove adequate for my needs, but I elected more Latin and Greek. From Allen and Greenough in my Freshman year I turned to George M. Lane, who came to class every morning keenly alive to the fascinations of Horace and the delights of living. Bright spots at his desk were his genial smile, his numerous gay neckties, and the merriment in his eyes as he shared with us his favorite translations, especially his interpretation of *sententiae* as "glittering generalities."

In Greek I reveled in the work with John Williams White, superb tennis player, charming gentleman, born teacher, whose overflowing enthusiasm convinced some of us of the importance of taking along a copy of Herodotus on a saunter into restful woods and set me to reading Aristophanes and Sophocles at sight on the street cars.

This year introduced me to the most eminent English prose writers of the 19th century and established the habit of steady reading begun the year before. For several weeks too I heard Adams Sherman Hill lecture on the poetry of Wordsworth, with which I spent eight hours a week, and wrote a thesis on the assignment "In Matthew Arnold's treatment of the poets, does his practice square with his theory of the function of criticism?" With Arnold's assumption that criticism should be disinterested I found it difficult to agree, but owing to his high rating as a critic I endeavored to let him down as graciously as possible.

Among the themes I wrote this year was one entitled "A Glimpse of My Home." The instructor who was the first reader, W. B. S. Clymer, wrote on it "Very charming" and Professor Barrett Wendell startled me somewhat by reading it to the entire Sophomore class. The fast

thump thump of my heart, so vigorous it seemed as if my next neighbor could feel it, lessened a bit as he began his comments. He pointed out little touches he liked and praised it a good deal, dwelling on the spirit in which it was written — on the state of mind the writer was in when he wrote it. Here it is:

A GLIMPSE OF MY HOME

I have been thinking of my home tonight. What a vivid picture the little village in which I was born makes, although I am fifty miles away! I see the river winding among the hills and farms; and rising gradually from the river is the long hill, the top of which is dotted with dwellings; two school-houses and three churches are prominent.

On the main street in the centre of the town is a large, plain, three-story building, with a piazza on one side. On the first floor is a country store. Here I have spent many busy hours, and many happy hours too. There are two large rooms: one is well filled with flour and grain; the other is closely packed with a variety of articles. And unless one is familiar with a store of this kind, he has no idea what that word "variety" means. In one corner are drugs and medicines; then come all sorts of groceries, hardware, crockery, boots and shoes, nails, dry-goods, fancy articles, — in short, everything from a hogshead of molasses to a stick of candy on the one hand, and from a cut of cloth to a shoe-string on the other. The coffee-mill, at which I have taken many a turn, stands in one corner; the sun shines brightly into the snug office where I have spent not a few pleasant hours in making out bills and writing business letters for father; the three chairs are in their places behind the stove, and a row of nail-kegs, which can, if necessary, be used for chairs, is near at hand.

One corner of the grain-room is occupied by a faithful shepherd dog, "Watch." I am sure of being heartily welcomed by him when I go home. He comes toward me with a bound, and is so delighted that his whole body quivers with emotion or with something that is first cousin to emotion. I have to force him from me and rush upstairs if I am to see the rest of the family.

Upstairs there is a large hall which opens, on one side, into the dining-room. From the bay-window in this room there is one of the most charming views in New Hampshire. . . .

I go from the dining-room into a room that causes every boy of twelve or fourteen to look about him with wide open eyes when he first sees it. There is a large bookcase, a blackboard, a small collection of minerals; pictures actually cover the walls, flags hang suspended from the ceiling, and Chinese lanterns are strung across in profusion; and in the midst of this medley is the modest sign, PRINTING OFFICE, beneath which the young printer is hard at work with his press and type.

I must look into one more room, and this we call the sitting-room. In many

respects it is like other rooms of the kind. There is nothing remarkable about it, but in the evening a little group is seated there about the table in the centre, and it is this group that I now seem to see. Father, in his easy chair, is reading the evening paper; mother, in her rocker, has some work in her hands, and is busily thinking — perhaps of me; Susie is playing at the organ; and the young printer is absorbed in his *Youth's Companion*. The clock strikes eight. Willie reluctantly puts his *Companion* away and says "Good night." Soon father leaves his paper and easy chair, and stretches out on the lounge; Susie closes the organ, takes a book from the table, and reads aloud the rest of the evening, interrupted by an occasional comment from father or mother.

To be sure this is only a glimpse, but it is very pleasant, after being away from home most of the time for the last few years, to think of my native village; and to look, in imagination, into my home and conjecture what the different members of the family are doing at any given time, is a pleasure second only to the delights of being with them.

One of the most startling disclosures of the Freshman year had come from the elderly Josiah Parsons Cooke. He told us of his using only such rude and simple apparatus as he had made himself when he began to teach chemistry in the basement of University Hall and of his living long enough to discover that almost everything he taught in those days was not true. That revelation caused the stable pedestal on which I had placed Science to totter.

Henry Adams said the bit of practical Harvard teaching the student "afterwards reviewed with most curiosity was the course in Chemistry, which taught him a number of theories that befogged his mind for a lifetime."

Professor Shaler's course in Natural History, in which he undertook to teach us "all the geology necessary to a gentleman" provided the great shock of the Sophomore year. I was not so seriously disturbed, however, over his disposition of the account in Genesis of the creation of the world as were some of my friends, for I continued to have confidence in the religion, if not in the theology, of my parents.

Like everything else at Harvard, religion, as I have said, was elective. The preachers from several denominations — such men as Phillips Brooks, George A. Gordon, Edward Everett Hale, Alexander McKenzie, William Lawrence, Brooke Herford, Henry van Dyke, Lyman Abbott, Washington Gladden, William de Witt Hyde, and William J. Tucker — met the boys in office hours as pastors, and as preachers tried to confine themselves to fundamental truths. They undertook to in-

spire students who were thinking freely and discussing widely half-assimilated philosophy; to help them understand that their provincial home church had the germ of a great truth and that their broader point of view should enable them to be more sympathetic, more tolerant, more catholic; to emphasize the importance of service to their fellowmen.

By the beginning of the Junior year I had decided to become a teacher of English. It was not clear to me that the considerable demand for teachers of Latin and Greek would long continue, but I knew there would be opportunities to help youngsters with their mother tongue. Hence I turned much of my attention to Shakespeare and English Composition.

It was a rare privilege to sit at the feet of Francis J. Child; to hear him read Shakespeare with keen appreciation, and to note the crisp comments that slipped out with the utmost ease and with marvelous felicity and precision. After taking the attendance of the large class he would call half a dozen of us to the table in the front of the room to carry on the recitation of the day. Notwithstanding the generous outpouring of his pertinent contributions, there were some who, taking advantage of his nearsightedness, were apt to loiter merely for the roll call — thus running away from a singularly sensitive soul who shared his learning and his love for the true and the beautiful with us in a simple, modest way that many of us found charming.

Turning one morning to the six who were up in front "to do the business of the day" (his phrase), he called on X to read in *King Lear*. As X failed to respond at once, Professor Child looked around and in a tone which expressed considerable surprise, said "Isn't X here?" By this time, X was prepared to begin with Cornwall's retort to a question Kent had asked, and without stopping to consider the appropriateness of the reply to the question of the moment, answered with much force "What, art thou mad, old fellow?" In the continuing laughter which followed, Professor Child joined as heartily as did the students.

A very short man, affectionately known as "Stubby," he was a figure I often recall as, fair-haired and blue-eyed, he trudged across the Yard with his short steps. In my Senior year he made his course in Anglo-Saxon decidedly attractive, but I have thought most often of an incident in his study. I had called for a letter of recommendation and had said that in looking for a position as teacher I was told repeatedly that an ex-

perienced man was required. The lovable little man stubbed up beside me as I was seated, and put a hand on my shoulder with the reassuring remark that "Everyone has to make a beginning; there'll be a place for you."

His tender interest in exquisite literature and in people went hand in hand with his loving care of his famous rose garden — of special interest in our family because on our wedding day his son brought a beautiful basket of these roses to the home of my bride. He once wrote to a friend: "Ah, what a world — with roses, sunrise and sunset, Shakespeare, Beethoven, brooks, mountains, birds, maids, ballads — why can't it last, why can't everybody have a good share?"⁴ William Lyon Phelps said of him: "No sincere student ever came in close touch with this Teacher without becoming both a better scholar and a better man."

During my Freshman year a boyish young man with fair hair and wrinkled face, his clear blue eyes full of smiles, was so awkwardly modest that he slipped into the classroom as if eager to avoid being seen. Leaning first on one elbow and then on the other, he would fidget and squirm and at times speak shyly and haltingly; yet in his talks there was solid sense, keen appreciation, and a delicate humor — all of which combined to render even his mannerisms fascinating and endearing. This boyish young man was LeBaron R. Briggs.

In 1872 President Eliot had brought his classmate, Adams Sherman Hill, to Harvard to show students how to use their mother tongue. Mr. Hill, who had worked on the *New York Tribune* under Horace Greeley, endeavored to teach men how to write clearly. As the college grew he had a few assistants, among them Briggs and Wendell. Briggs, supported by Hill, was largely responsible for requiring all Freshmen to study English Composition. Wendell, under Hill's direction, gave a similar course to the Sophomores and also offered English 12, the daily theme course I enjoyed so much, for those who wished to find out whether they really had ability as writers. Without discussing the influence these three courses had throughout the American college world, it is enough for me to mention my good fortune in taking them.

Fascinating as Briggs was as a teacher, he was far more famous as Dean. With due consideration of the regulations he ran his office for the benefit of the individual boy. Of any real doubt the boy always had the

⁴ *As God Made Them*, by Gamaliel Bradford, p. 229.

benefit, and if a rebuke was required the method was most kindly. "When Dean Briggs put you on probation," said a '95 man, "he somehow made you feel that he was pronouncing a benediction." If it became necessary to part company with a recalcitrant, the dismissal, wrote Henry Ware Eliot, Jr., '02, in *Harvard Celebrities*, was a work of art:

"He'll kick you out of college and he'll never shed a tear
But he does it so politely that it's music to the ear."

A decided attraction of my Senior year was the course with the Dean in English Literature of the Seventeenth Century. A charming interpreter of Donne, Herrick, and Lovelace and their contemporaries, this gentleman with his neat speech and his broad human sympathy interested himself in every one of his students. This personal interest in my case overflowed from the classroom into the Yard and the Street. Wherever we met there was always a cordial greeting. In the course of one of our pleasant street-car conversations I asked him if he had read Rollo Brown's biography of him. "No," he said, "I opened it one day, read two or three pages, and decided it was not written about me."

In welcoming new students one fall, Dean Briggs said:

Here you have three or four years in which to learn what your powers are, and what work you will most enjoy. Try this and that and the other course or subject, if you don't know now where your best field of work lies. That is a precious privilege in any college which has a wide elective system. Use that privilege and find out what kind of work you are going to enjoy best so long as you live, — in what kind of work you can best serve yourself, your family, and mankind. That is one of the greatest privileges in Harvard College, or in any other college which has abandoned the prescribed system.

He once said, "Harvard College teaches a man to abhor idleness, to work and to see, — to see in work something which shall forever help the meanest part of it from becoming drudgery."

My writing as a Junior was by no means inconsiderable. In one course there was the task of preparing several forensics; the most important part of the work, I gradually learned, was to make a comprehensive brief. This training in argumentation was as remorseless as it was valuable. We were given propositions that apparently could be neither proved nor disproved, and Rumor had it that as soon as one of them was

settled to the satisfaction of the instructors, it was removed from the list. But we could see the importance of the practice in sifting evidence (which showed for instance the worthlessness of much of the newspaper padding) and the necessity of taking a bee line for our goal.

But the great body of the writing was called for in the course that required six daily themes a week and twelve longer fortnightly themes. The six themes of the second half year were to constitute a "book," mine to be no less than a "Life of Benjamin Franklin." Whatever excuse Wendell could have given for allowing me to tackle that immense subject, hundreds of my pupils profited by my experience, for it impressed indelibly on me the importance of putting a reasonable limit on a subject for a composition.

Inevitably these daily themes touched upon a wide range of subjects. One lauded the elective system because it tended to do away with college class distinctions. As freshmen and upperclassmen sat side by side in the same course, the youngsters soon found that their elders were ready to treat them as equals.

Why won't Harvard men open their eyes and see what there is here in Cambridge? . . . They ought to see that money and thought have been expended to give Harvard College all possible advantages. They ought to consider that they are especially privileged to be allowed to enjoy the results of all this work. Then they would answer the question what they are here for by working themselves. They would see that . . . loafing . . . has no place here. The fact is, a large number of the men here are indifferent. The indifference to athletics which has been so much lamented seems to be lessening, and the elective system is doing much to remove this indifference to Harvard's advantages.

A plea for early rising impressed the instructor as "strenuous, clear, persuasive." Possibly he was influenced by the closing sentence: "I practise what I preach, for I have written this theme before breakfast." An attempt at verse won the well deserved comment, "Simple but feeble." A page with the conclusion "Hard study and a good deal of it doesn't hurt the average American student; it is what he undertakes to do besides that produces a harmful result" was called "merciless." There was an urgent demand for athletics for the greatest number, exercise as a means of keeping fit. There was an appreciative word for small colleges, a reminder that till recently all our colleges were small. In answering an article in the *Harvard Crimson* urging Exeter men in college to

attract more Exeter boys to Cambridge, it was suggested that selecting a college for another is a delicate matter.

The Yale system of expecting men to take all allowable cuts was condemned as "a decidedly puerile way of managing University men." Harvard's breaking athletic relations with Princeton was cordially disapproved. Professor Royce's introductory lectures on philosophy were found thoughtful and stimulating. In opening the series

he said his object would be accomplished should he help some of his fellow students think. After mentioning in detail the objections commonly urged against philosophy and those who make a business of studying the subject, he proceeded to defend the other side of the question. Everyone, he said, philosophizes more or less: some for ten minutes a day, some in their life-work. No one should be discouraged because one philosopher differs wholly from another in his main ideas. Each may be right, looking from his side. What the careful student should do is to elicit some element of truth from the work of each of the great minds that have left so many conflicting ideas — some bright and cheery, others dismal and disheartening. Thus it is by sifting out the alloy of many volumes he gets what gold there is for him and gathers the bits together to form the truth — or something as near the truth as the time in which he lives permits.

Congress received some attention:

Yesterday March 4, 1891 was the last day of the Fifty-first Congress. A turbulent session, it had a turbulent ending. One interesting feature was the vote of thanks given to Mr. Reed for his impartial conduct in the chair. As soon as one of the Republicans proposed to acknowledge the Speaker's valuable services in this fitting way, one of the Democratic brethren demanded a roll-call. By means of that every Republican voted for the proposition and every Democrat voted against it. This is a good illustration of the way Congress does business. Perhaps that is the best way to do it; but I can imagine an improved method for accomplishing some kinds of business — kinds that may come before such an august body as the House of Representatives of the United States.

In those days the favorite running course was the beautiful North Avenue already mentioned. Here are my comments:

I think the custom of running up North Avenue in squads must be disagreeable to many of the citizens of quiet, civilized Cambridge. I don't imagine it is particularly pleasant for women to be on the lookout for twenty athletes rushing along in a body as if they meant to turn out for nothing or nobody. Then there is another point that causes some unfavorable criticism. I mean the habit the boys have of wearing almost nothing. Besides being too meagre for this climate,

some of the costumes are hardly decent. As supplementing my suggestion, let me quote a sentence from a Cambridge newspaper: There is "a mob of men and boys, long and short, of various colors, some of them clean, others dirty, in costumes that would make a Sioux Indian blush, rushing up and down North Avenue evening after evening to the mortal terror and disgust of the denizens of that classic precinct." Really I didn't suppose the fellows frightened anyone.

As a prospective teacher I was steadily studying methods of conducting recitations and lecture courses. I expressed my disgust with an instructor who dismissed us early one day because we seemed uneasy — right in the midst of one of the most interesting hours of the year. Our distinguished librarian, Justin Winsor, wrote an article on his visit to a Lecture Room in a Scottish University. My report on the article follows:

The students rushed in and as soon as they took their seats began a scuffling with which they mingled whistling till the Professor came. They greeted him with hearty cheers until a wave of his hand silenced them. Repeatedly throughout the lecture the enthusiastic crowd broke out, now in a lamentable wail, now in uproarious laughter, now in vigorous applause. At the close of the lecture and the applause, they allowed the Professor to lead the way out.

Mr. Winsor thinks this method of lecturing has its advantages. He noticed that the students were much more attentive just after a demonstration of feeling. An emotional lecturer can make a better performance, he thinks, when he meets with such a hearty reception. Again a Professor finds his hearers exceedingly sympathetic.

A few days later, I wrote:

In contrast let me state the attitude toward the subject of one of our professors [Edward Channing, the historian]. Yesterday after the formal lecture he stepped forward and said in substance: "Gentlemen, I do not like applause. I have a few words to say about Thanksgiving, and I want you to agree not to applaud. How many will make this agreement with me? Please hold up your hands." A good many hands went up and he continued: "I know you wish me a pleasant Thanksgiving. If you didn't wish me well, I shouldn't have three hundred of you in this course. And I wish you the pleasantest kind of Thanksgiving, for I sha'n't have the pleasure of meeting you again till next Tuesday." Of course everyone wanted to clap, but all restrained themselves except one fellow who had to express some of his delight in a short, low whistle.

Busy as the prescribed work kept me, this theme shows that there was time for browsing:

I remember that one of the English instructors urged us to make the most of the opportunity that we had as Freshmen to browse in the library. His suggestion that during the rest of our college course we should have to confine our reading to certain subjects — along certain lines — has proved true. I like to steal an hour or two now and then to read what I run across. If I begin with the magazines, I usually get no further. If I look among the "recent accessions," I am sure to find some book of interest. There is a pleasure in looking through an attractive book to "size it up," without feeling that I must remember what I read. It is a relief simply to feel that if I do not get the most important points it is nobody's business. I run my eye over the pages in a haphazard way, and if I find something that I like, very well; if not, it is no matter.

A page on "Trips Home" reminds me that about once a month I went home:

These rare days I take out of the busy year and spend quietly at home are bright spots in my life. I don't think most of us know how to appreciate our homes till we leave them. Then to go back to them occasionally is a great boon. The time I thus spend is always crowded full of enjoyment, and gives me something to think about for days to come.

These daily themes won brief comments from Wendell's assistants, but he read some of them and all the fortnightlies — certainly all of mine. I marvel today, in rereading his searching criticisms, at the time he spent and the pains he took with the work of a student who was merely Number 50. Possibly he knew me by sight near the end of the year. But he did his work as a teacher patiently and faithfully. He was quick to appreciate writing that was really good, but persistent in pointing out prolixity and lack of firmness in my style.

An excellent critic, he was a writer of no mean ability. There is a sentence of his in "Stelligeri" that along with his criticism I like to recall: "We are better men, I believe, and better citizens, for loving not only our country but our States, not only our States but our towns, not only our families but our colleges."

The most popular man at Harvard was said to be John the Orangeman. An Irish immigrant, soon after his arrival at the middle of the century he began to peddle fruit among the boys and continued in that "profession" during a comparatively long lifetime. Beginning his evening rounds at eight o'clock, he would often continue till midnight. Sometimes there was little to break the monotony of a quiet evening but John's shuffle along the corridor and his feeble knock at the door. He loved

nothing more than to light his pipe and reminisce about his old friends: John D. Long, Governor Russell, Asa Gray, Longfellow, Holmes, Agassiz, and countless others.

In the '70's he had assumed the role of mascot for the athletic teams, to which he was perennially devoted. The enthusiasm with which he was welcomed at the football game with Yale in 1890 is described by the *Boston Globe*. As he shuffled in the field half an hour before the game began

with a step not unlike a yacht in a choppy sea, Harvard cheers burst upon the assembled thousands like a thunderbolt. The cheer was taken up all along the line, and for the next thirty minutes "John the Orangeman" was the cry wafted heavenward.

It was a sight long to be remembered. Gray-haired men, as well as young ones, sprang to their feet and joined in the cheering . . . Several at the risk of losing their seats sprang into the field, and in a moment John was being borne across the campus upon the shoulders of the wealthiest sons of New England.⁵

George Lyman Kittredge, my Latin teacher at Exeter, returned to Harvard as an instructor in English the year I entered as a freshman. Feeling the need of assistance in picking out courses, I elected him as my adviser. To him I am indebted for recommending the course with Dean Briggs, and naturally he wished me to study Anglo Saxon with his former teacher, Professor Child, whose noble modesty accompanied "astounding erudition, which nothing seemed to have escaped and a power of lucid and fruitful exposition that made him one of the greatest of teachers." These words of Kittredge apply with equal force to his own teaching.

Kittredge thought that Child's "peculiar humor . . . made him a marvelous interpreter of Chaucer, whose spirit he had caught to a degree attained by no other scholar or critic." In studying Chaucer with Kittredge, then, I profited by what he had learned from Child and by his own vast researches. I have read and heard many characterizations of Kittredge and countless entertaining incidents, but for me the important thing to remember is that in his study of Chaucer and Shakespeare his wide reading had familiarized him with countless contemporaries of these great authors, and with all the interpretations of the foremost critics, whether sound or silly. And he apparently never forgot anything

⁵ *Boston Globe*, Feb. 26, 1891.

of importance. Consequently I know of no other interpreter of these poets who seems to understand so precisely what they meant.

From his course in Chaucer I learned one of the best lessons of my college career. Having received from him in my last year at Exeter as high marks as he gave — 95 percent — I was prepared for an “A” when he returned an hour examination in the fall with an incredible “C” on the cover. For days I puzzled silently over that rating. Finally it occurred to me that there was one thing I had not done; I had failed to look into some of the numerous books recommended to us day after day — sometimes half a dozen at a time. From then on I was determined to dip into every one. The result was that when the mid-year examination came with 80 questions I could have written two hours on the first, “When was Chaucer born?” and my three examination books came back with the coveted “A.” Although the answers on the hour test were correct, they were not complete. They were like half an inch of snow on the ground compared with the deep piles at mid-years.

I am heavily indebted to Mr. Kittredge, my severest critic. Before allowing a page to go to the printer I have repeatedly said to myself “What would Kittredge think of that?” Thoughts of him have been with me by day and by night. He is the only man of whom I have dreamed again and again, year in and year out. One summer in writing a chapter on grammar I came upon a question to which I could find no answer. But one night in a dream I asked Kittredge and he solved the puzzle at once.

Besides helping me as an adviser he gave me an excellent recommendation for a position as teacher, and when Mr. Edwin Ginn, the publisher, asked me to do some editing, it was with Kittredge’s endorsement.

Our encounters on the street were usually brief, for he was almost always walking rapidly toward Widener “for a fact.” (Gelett Burgess has said that “the most remarkable men in the world are eternal collectors of facts.”) Occasionally we would walk along together. The year he retired he was to lecture one afternoon in Emerson Hall, but the overflowing room compelled adjournment to the New Lecture Hall. On our way there I made bold to ask him how he felt about retiring. Obviously he didn’t want to retire, but he said there was a ruling that everyone must go by the time he was seventy-six. As we crossed the street by Memorial Hall he exercised his privilege, as usual, of slowing down traffic. A year

or two later, however, as we made our way through Harvard Square he allowed me to guide him a little, and still later he quietly let me hold him back. Gradually he was giving up his headstrong rush through traffic, and it pleased me to try to do a bit in return for his many kindnesses.

He lived to be eighty-three and worked steadily in spite of his persistence year after year in eating and drinking what he pleased, in smoking incessantly, and in staying up till far into the morning.

For two years a next-door neighbor in Thayer Hall was George Oenslager, put in my care by his older brother John, when the latter graduated in 1891. The brothers were Exeter graduates, hard-headed Pennsylvania Dutchmen. As a freshman George had continued to be a fair student, as he had been in the required work at Exeter, but when he began to study chemistry he began to shine. After taking all the courses Harvard offered (some of the time serving as an assistant) he worked in the Warren paper mills at Cumberland Mills, Maine. In that town he found time to be a good reader and his letters were welcome and stimulating. In 1906 a college classmate drew him from his job (in which he "knew a little about paper") to Akron, Ohio (where he "knew nothing about rubber").

Tall, nervous, energetic, close-mouthed, hard-working, well grounded in chemistry, he had the inquisitive itch that affects all born researchers . . . Beside Charles Goodyear, who made rubber practical, stands George Oenslager, who made it cheaper. The one created an industry; the other revolutionized its thinking and its technique . . . If Goodyear made the automobile tire possible, it was Oenslager who, himself and through the chemical work inspired by his success, pulled down the price from \$40 to \$15 and shoved up the mileage from 5,000 to 30,000.⁶

In 1933 the American Section of the Society of Chemical Industry awarded George the Perkin Medal for the most valuable work in applied chemistry. In connection with the presentation, attention was called to "his modesty and his simplicity," his benevolences, "many and liberal but usually anonymous, his extensive travels." He was called "an idealist who thoughtfully engages in a variety of interesting activities. Pride in good work, independence of thought, and an almost ascetic self-discipline have always characterized the medalist and in no small measure are responsible for his accomplishments."⁷

⁶ *This Chemical Age*, by William Haynes. Alfred A. Knopf, N.Y., 1942.

⁷ H. F. Trumbull of the B. F. Goodrich Company.

My friendship with George Oenslager has been perennially inspiring for more than half a century. He has attended to his share of our correspondence, and our numerous meetings have been events. I have steadily admired his independence, his frankness, and his persistence in helping in various ways to make the world a better place to live in.

With a firm belief in early hours and regular exercise, I went to bed in good season throughout the college years, played tennis steadily, walked regularly, and enjoyed the gymnasium — especially in the later years when I used it in the latter part of the evening and went from shower to bed.

My senior year was my best. As the end drew near, extras took some of my time. I enjoyed competing for the Boylston Prizes for Declamation, although the novelty of addressing my first large audience compelled me to look over the heads of those on the floor of Sanders Theatre, and although I failed to win a prize.

At the same time I was writing my Commencement Part, in which I dared oppose President Eliot's plea for earlier graduation from college. I recall with pleasure Professor A. S. Hill's commendation of the work and that of Professor Jeremiah Smith of the Harvard Law School, the father of my classmate. The two professors were on the committee who heard me read it and a few days later Professor Smith ran across me and expressed his pleasure in vigorous fashion. I mention this because it was the beginning of numerous short talks we had as we met here and there. He was a delightful "gentleman of the old school" and it gave me keen pleasure to walk with him. His mind worked with lightning speed, and the rapid fire of his neat speech kept me on the alert. Sometimes he would walk the way I was headed, sometimes I turned the way he was going, but there was always the delicious companionship of an elderly man who enjoyed youth and a young man who was eager to associate with an elder of wisdom and vision.

By the middle of the senior year I began to be eager to teach — to see whether I could do the job. No one could have hired me to stay for an A.M. degree, much as I had enjoyed working for the A.B. To undertake the years of study required for becoming a Ph.D. was unthinkable. I wished to be free to study as I chose rather than be held down to the possible solution of a perhaps impracticable problem. I noted that Kittredge felt the same way.

A day of days was Class Day. There was the speaking, with a Negro orator; there were the spreads, at which we fed our visiting relatives and friends; there were the dances — in which I had no share, not having learned to dance; and there was the struggle for flowers in the space behind Hollis and Stoughton. Seats had been constructed to accommodate admiring friends, clusters of flowers had been nailed on the beautiful large elm in the center, and at the appointed hour the fight was on.

Dressed in old clothes that would stand the rough and tumble, determined to get a good share of the flowers, we fought valiantly. They were in rows, perhaps from eight to eleven feet from the ground. The group I joined formed a line, the sturdiest man leading, each of the others with his hands on the shoulders of the one he followed, and made a successful rush for the tree. The lightweight of the group, I had stayed in the rear, but at that moment was lifted to the shoulders of the next man, and then with more or less opposition made my way on the shoulders of my supporters till I reached the tree. Then it was grab some and grab more. Stowing the handfuls in my voluminous sweater, until we were satisfied with our scoop, I resumed my place on *terra firma* and shared the spoil with the others. For at least three preceding years I had watched this scramble with the feeling that it would not be particularly enjoyable, but when the opportunity came to take an active part in the fray, it was real fun.

In choosing the Class Day officers our class had avoided the traditional friction between Society and Non-Society men. Some shrewd politicians among the latter and larger group had agreed upon a ticket which gave the Society men a fair share of representatives while keeping the lion's share for themselves. At that meeting also a vote was passed which added decidedly to the attractiveness of both Class Day and Commencement. So far as I know, we were the first class of college seniors in the country to abandon the silk hats and tails for the gown and mortar-board.

Commencement, with Charles William Eliot presiding, was most impressive, and it was with some satisfaction that I graduated *magna cum laude*, with "honorable mention" in English.

Henry Adams, Harvard 1858, was charitable enough to admit that "Harvard College was probably less hurtful than any other university then in existence." He continued: "It taught little, and that little ill,

but it left the mind open, free from bias, ignorant of facts, but docile. The graduate had few strong prejudices. He knew little but his mind remained supple, ready to receive knowledge.”⁸ How much it taught me and how well I cannot say, but looking back half a century it seems to me my *alma mater* left my “mind open, free from bias, ignorant of facts, but docile.” Very likely I had “few strong prejudices” and I am pretty certain that my mind “remained supple, ready to receive knowledge.”

⁸ *The Education of Henry Adams*, 1918.

MEMORIES OF NINETEENTH-CENTURY CAMBRIDGE

BY LOIS LILLEY HOWE

Read January 22, 1952

ONE of my earliest recollections — I cannot date it — is that I asked some older member of my family if it was probable that I should be alive when 1900, the new century, came in. I never imagined that I should live for more than fifty years in that century. My memories of my early years in the nineteenth seem to be as if I lived in a different world.

I was born in a college town where life was as simple as life in a village. The professors and instructors in the college were all friends. Very few people had horses and carriages; the horse cars were sufficiently convenient.

The house where I was born was old-fashioned, with very little essential so-called modern plumbing. There was no pantry sink in what we called the "china closet," but there was a butler's tray in which a dishpan could be put for the "second girl" to wash dishes. My mother washed the breakfast cups and the silver in a dishpan on the diningroom table after breakfast.

The kitchen sink was a large, low soapstone affair something like a glorified horse trough. There was a double-oven range, in front of which meat was roasted in a "tin kitchen" — much more delicious than a roast baked in an oven. This range also heated a large boiler, so that there was always plenty of hot water, for we had set basins and hot and cold water in many bedrooms.

The kitchen chimney must have been very old, for on the other side of it, in the so-called "wash room," was a Dutch oven and beside it a huge built-in copper wash boiler to boil the clothes which were washed in old-fashioned wooden tubs. There was also a wonderful drying room opening out of this wash room, or back kitchen, which could be used in winter or in stormy weather. It was a marvellous place to play in, having frames of wooden bars which ran on rails and which could be pulled out when desired. It was heated by a little stove in the cellar.

Beyond this wash room a passage led to a long ell between house and barn. In this was the study, built for James Russell Lowell when he became Professor of Belles Lettres and lived with my father and mother before his second marriage. It proved very useful for several generations of students later. It had an outside door and a chimney and a soapstone Franklin stove which did not wholly mitigate the winter climate. Beyond was a shed with slatted blind doors and then the stable, called a barn, making a courtyard, in the middle of which was a magnificent elm tree.

I can just remember when there were horses but they had been given up and all that remained of that glory was a fine old carriage in which I used to play — and, in the second story, the empty hayloft and a pigeon house which my brother and his friends converted into a club room. Later I had a studio in the summer here.

We kept a cow for many years. The first one I remember was a Kerry cow, something like a bovine Dachshund, long and low. She once got stuck in a ditch on the edge of the woods not far away. Her successor was a wanderer, always getting out of her pasture up the street. So she had on one horn a large wooden tag marked "E. Howe."

Of course, the cow had to be milked and the man who milked her and took her out to pasture in the summer also took care of the furnace and blacked my father's boots. These were tall high boots pulled on with considerable difficulty with boot hooks. The tops were concealed by his trousers. The process of pulling the boots on was usually done after breakfast in the diningroom. There was also a boot jack to take them off which was kept in a closet in the back hall.

The milk was put into wide, shallow milk pans and kept in what was known as the "milk cellar," a room in the cellar with a cupboard which opened into a well close to the north wall of the house. This "milk room" was paved with brick and had a sort of grave in the centre with a trap door, to keep extra ice.

There used to be a barrel of soft soap in the cellar, too, but I have no knowledge of the mystery of its being made. And there was always a large salt cod fish hanging up somewhere, ready for use for Saturday's dinner of boiled salt cod and mashed potato — and, of course, anyone could pinch off flakes of salt cod and eat them.

When I became old enough to take responsibility I used to lock up

at night. There were six or seven doors to be fastened, all with bolts. Of course, that did not count the bulkhead door from the cellar to the yard — just right to slide down!

It was a very inconvenient house in many ways, needing much domestic help. There was a long hall between the kitchen and diningroom but there was a slide which opened into the china closet. In the corner of the house was the "inner china closet" in which jellies and preserves were kept. What visions this calls up of preserve and jelly making! My mother would have scorned canned fruit! Back of the inner china closet and opening from the back hall opposite the kitchen door was a large storeroom with shelves all around it. On the top shelf I remember a row of empty blue and white ginger jars.

There was a marble slab on which to make pastry, and during some period of financial flush I remember the building of a large refrigerator between the storeroom and the inner china closet. The ice man climbed up several steps in the storeroom and put the ice in. This refrigerated a large cupboard in the other closet with many shelves. It was the most modern thing in the house!

The furnace was quite inadequate but there were several handsome round registers on the first floor and one register in the second, and there were fireplaces in the bedrooms.

In the third story, the upper hall, lighted by a sky-light was very fascinating and there was a wonderful and unusually large rocking-horse there. One little room with its own sky-light bore upon the door a large sign "Oxford Museum," but the collections were not very interesting — a few desiccated butterflies, some birds' eggs, lucky stones and shells. I used the room for a work room for many purposes of my own.

The two parlors were very handsome and had windows in embrasures with shutters. The only thing I never liked was the staircase — straight and uncompromising, somewhat commonplace but not pretentious. Probably if I were altering the house now I should leave it alone. But I always longed for a handsome staircase like that in the Batchelders' house next door and I worked out in my mind how it could have a turn near the bottom and how there would be headroom for the change. This idea had a curious effect on my life afterward.

There was about an acre of land which provided much entertainment. There were two more wells, relics of an old farm house. Neither

could be investigated but one had a hole under the flagstone top through which a stone could be poked, affording the noise of a good subterranean plunk.

On the south side of the house there was a swing between two trees and a ladder like a fruit-picking ladder up which you carried the rope, then put your foot in the loop and swung off. There was great competition as to the highest rung to swing from.

This was near a lawn, called the croquet ground, which made a very small tennis court later. To the north of that was the clothes yard and a group of pine trees known as the playground. Beyond was the garden — a real garden, an old-fashioned box parterre with, on either side of it, vegetable gardens and currant bushes. (Financial helps — five cents a hundred for picking off currant worms!) There were also pear trees and grape vines. The Batchelders' yard next door had more climbable trees, as I learned when they had a young cousin from Baltimore visiting them.

The house I was born in is still standing on the corner of Oxford and Kirkland Streets, for this town I speak of was Old Cambridge, Massachusetts, as I knew it in the '70's and '80's. The house has been modernized — we called it Number 1 Oxford Street — and the lovely garden vanished long ago.

The so-called playground was seldom used as such except on the triennial visits of my married sister who lived in Ohio. Her oldest daughter was a year older than I, so my nieces and nephews were contemporaries. Their visits were memorable. Sometimes we were taken for the day in an open carriage to Chelsea Beach, a big lonely beach of which I wish I could remember more. The world knows it now as Revere Beach.

But that playground was the place where my brother, four years older than I, celebrated the holidays — Fast Day, the first Thursday in April, Bunker Hill Day, the Seventeenth of June, and the Fourth of July. I had to be content with little packages of torpedoes but he not only had firecrackers but a little cannon (in stage language "a practical cannon") and powder. What he did with this was to shoot the dentist in effigy, the effigy being made of old magazines and the ammunition of old dental instruments. I suppose he must have wearied of this and so he took down the empty ginger jars of which I have spoken and demolished them. My mother was much displeased. I have often won-

dered if any of them was like the one Frank Bigelow found which was worth \$2,000.00.

I can just remember when there was a long low building on the Delta across Kirkland Street. This was the foundation of Memorial Hall and I was always absorbingly interested in its construction. After the hall was built there was at its east end a deep sandpit in which I sometimes played, looking up the high straight wall to the top of the tower. In this pit was built the cellar of Sanders Theatre. While the theatre was being built I clambered all over it and the workmen called me "the little superintendent."

But the first thing that I remember of what happened in the outside world was that there was a great fire in Chicago. This was stamped on my mind by the fact that one of my cousins was "burned out." He brought his family to my uncle's in Cambridge and I was taken to meet the three little cousins I had never seen. This meeting was a great disappointment to me from which I never fully recovered, though I never told anyone about it. I peered anxiously under their chairs but their shoes and stockings were all whole. I had supposed, of course, they would have holes burnt in them.

It was a year later, on a Sunday morning in November, 1872, when I was eight years old, that my brother came into my nursery and pointed to a lurid glare in the sky. "That," he said, "is the big fire in Boston that started last night and is still burning!" My father was ill at the time and his office was in a building in the path of the flames. It was proposed to blow up that building and the key of his safe could not be found. Even the small child of eight felt the anxiety of the family. Fortunately it was decided not to blow up the building.

There was at the time an epidemic known as the epizootic which had attacked all the horses. The Cambridge fire engine was dragged in by Harvard students, who, you may be sure, did many deeds of derring-do. There was a group of young cousins in college at that time and they had many stories to tell.

I was never taken to see the burned district, which stretched from Washington Street down to the harbor. Of course, my brother and his friends explored it and he brought home a large chunk of melted-up cups and saucers he had found in the ruins. This was one of the chief exhibits in the "Oxford Museum."

I cannot remember how old I was when I saw for the first time a silver quarter of a dollar. I was used to paper ones like small one-dollar bills. This beautiful coin was shown me by the father of a little girl with whom I was playing. The encyclopedia says that, after the Civil War, specie payments were resumed in 1879, but I saw that silver quarter some years before that. I remember also the large copper two-cent pieces and the small three-cent pieces of silver.

My father's sister, my Aunt Mary Howe, taught me to read. I cannot remember when this was, only I used to set my dolls in a row and teach them to spell from an old primer I had. Sometime when I was about five or six years old I began to go to school to Miss Mary Olmsted. Kindergartens had not been invented and I cannot remember what we studied or learned except that we worked mottoes on perforated cardboard. I may have learned the multiplication table and the difference between Roman and Arabic numerals. We certainly stood up in class to recite something.

This school was held in the diningroom of the house of Professor Francis J. Child. We used the diningroom chairs as desks and sat on footstools in front of them. We helped Miss Olmsted, whom we adored, to put away books (what books, I wonder?) under the serving table when school was over.

No servants or families escorted us to school. My cousin Agnes Devens, Mattie Sever, Winnie Howells, daughter of William Dean Howells, and I walked to school together and there met Helen Child, her two younger sisters, Susan and Henrietta, and Florence Farrar and Edith Cushman. It is something to remember, Mr. Francis J. Child working in his rose garden!

There were no new houses on Kirkland Street. We knew who lived in every one. On Kirkland Place where Miss Fowler's garden now is was Peirce's Pond where we learned to skate and where there were goldfish in the summer. I went to catch some once and Professor Peirce came out to catch me but I stood my ground (what I had to stand on), and when he found I was the daughter of a very old friend he forgave me.

Francis Avenue was a private drive up to the Munroes' house somewhere near where Bryant Street now is. There was an open field from there to Kirkland Street. About opposite this when I first went to school were the blackened ruins of Parkman Shaw's house which had

burned down one summer night, all the neighbors coming to help.

Irving Street did not cross Kirkland Street. Between it and Trowbridge Street was a lovely bit of woodland where we could pick wild flowers in the spring. The driveway to the Nortons' house came about where the northern part of Irving Street now comes.

The Norton girls did not come to school with us; in fact, they did not come home from Europe for a good while after I began to go to school. However, we soon became old friends. It was pleasant to walk up between the Childs' house and the house of Miss Ashburner and over the fields to Shady Hill.

Somehow, my memories always seem to be of spring and summer. We always had a May Day festival. But when I speak of the Norton place I remember being allowed to go coasting down from the front of their house on a winter evening. A big boy named Will Winlock had a double-runner — a big board carried on two sleds. This preceded the toboggan and we thought it much fun.

Norton's woods were real woods with a trail through them. I'm more apt to think of approaching them the other way, through Divinity Avenue. Back of Divinity Hall was an open field that led to Norton's Pond, a dark pool with a brook running through it and a board fence on the Norton side of the brook. A plank walk crossed the brook on one side and led to a hole in the fence. This pond must have been somewhere near where Bryant, Irving, and Scott Streets now lie. This was easily reached from Oxford Street — or from the Severs' house on Frisbie Place, the yard of which ran through to Divinity Avenue. This was one of my favorite playgrounds. I was so much younger than anyone else in my family that I was rather a lonely child. There were the three Sever children, Mattie, my sworn friend, and her brothers, George and Frank.

Then there was the Agassiz Museum to visit. We were always allowed to go there and nobody knew the rites we performed — quite gently — with tails and noses of those skeletons of prehistoric animals which are probably now discarded.

Also I had to superintend the building of the Peabody Museum.

My aunt, Mrs. Arthur Lithgow Devens, lived on the corner of Oxford and Everett Streets, close by Jarvis Field. We could watch baseball games on the field from her windows. Near Jarvis Field was a huge and

terrifying old willow in a place always called "The Ditch." I have no doubt it was one of the last remains of the original "Palisade."

My aunt's younger daughter, Agnes, was only a little younger than I and we naturally did many things together, but I was more interested in the Severs. I have been told that I once said, "Aggie and I are very different. We have different views." Which was very true. But we went to Miss Olmsted's School together and when Miss Olmsted married we both went to Miss Sarah Page's School on Everett Street — next door to my aunt's.

Here was a real school for girls and boys and real work — history, geography, drawing maps — how I loved that! — long sums of "Partial Payments" on my slate, French lessons from Madam Harney, learning to repeat poetry. I used to be furious with the pupils who could never get anything to repeat beyond "Old Ironsides at anchor lay" and Tennyson's "Brook" (which they seemed to emulate, going on forever), both of which they found in the third reader. So I hunted up poems at home. I ought to have consulted my sister Clara, who would have given the best advice. But I only remember one piece of poetry that I learned and that I have never forgotten, though I still harbor a grudge against the young teacher who was amused at me. I imagine I *was* funny at twelve years old declaiming "How well Horatius kept the bridge in the brave days of old."

Our parents thought it wise for "Aggie" and "Lolo" to go on Sunday afternoons to see Cousin Mary Howard. Poor Cousin Mary, I have her sampler, made in 1792, but when I knew her she was blind and really poor. She was a cousin of my grandmother's who had fallen upon evil days and was a beneficiary of some fund for aged women. She was nearly one hundred years old. She used to tell us how her father had held her up to see General George Washington when he came to Boston in 1790. I do not think there are many people now living who can remember anyone who saw George Washington. I used to say that that was my greatest event. My sister Clara had been held in William Makepeace Thackeray's arms when Uncle James Lowell brought him to our house when she was a baby. But my sister Sally had the most wonderful thing to tell. She had been to a reception at the White House and had shaken hands with Abraham Lincoln.

Agnes and Mattie and I all went to Sunday School together, too, and

we were in Miss Edith Longfellow's class. Of course, we adored her and felt very sad to have her marry and leave us. She was married January 6, 1878. I take the date from a little New Testament with my initials on it in gold. She gave us each one, and more than that, all through that December when she was getting ready to be married she had our class come once a week in the afternoon and make scrapbooks for poor children. I seem to remember we worked in the southeast room on the second floor of Craigie House. The spring after she was married she had us come to Boston and spend the day with her and go to ride on the Public Garden swan boats.

Three years at Miss Page's fitted me for the Cambridge High School. I had to take examinations for entrance. That was in June and must have been 1877. They were held in the old Harvard Grammar School, a wooden building long since demolished, on Harvard Street somewhere beyond Prospect Street. I walked down there by myself every morning for three days, and I never shall forget what a pretty street Harvard Street was then. Then I began to go down to the High School on the corner of Broadway and Fayette Street. Where the Rindge School, the Library, and the other schools are were open fields. I do not believe the modern high schools in this part of the world begin their first course with English History — a review for me, as was also reading "The Lady of the Lake." But Latin was new and so was algebra — and the minus sign still has an unpleasant effect on me.

It must have been about this time that my oldest brother said at dinner one day, "I see that man Bell, who married Mabel Hubbard [the daughter of our neighbor, Gardiner Greene Hubbard] has patented that invention of his which he claims will make it possible for people to talk to each other at a distance." "Yes," said my father, "it may be very useful if it proves to be practical." I have been told that Mr. Hubbard afterwards became bankrupt and his creditors allowed him to keep a lot of worthless stock he had taken in his son-in-law's invention. Electricity was still in its youth. Very little was known about it, but scientists were working on it.

In my second year at the Cambridge High School I was in a class in what was called "Natural Philosophy," a mild form of Physics. I seem to remember vaguely learning something about specific gravity and that water will rise to its highest level if confined, and something about

frictional electricity. I don't know why I have always remembered that we were told that if a wire with a strong electric current was cut or broken the current would for a few seconds continue to flow from one end of the break to the other. It would make a very brilliant light for a few instants and then its heat would burn off the ends of the wire. If any means could be found of preventing this destruction of the ends, this brilliant spark might be used to give light. On this theory the arc light was constructed, which was for a long time used for street lighting. Perhaps some of you remember collecting the broken scraps of carbon left by the linemen when they made repairs.

More wonderful, however, was something which had been lent to the teacher to show us — a little glass ball with a wire burning and shining in it — the first incandescent bulb, just invented by a man named Thomas Edison. (I often wonder how the teacher electrified the wire.) Now you are not to suppose that electric light and telephone began at once to be of use. Mr. Edison's lamp was invented in 1879, the telephone several years earlier. In 1890, much scared, I made my first call on a telephone! And when we built our present house in 1887 we did not put in electric light — it was not cheap nor was it considered safe.

Agnes did not go to the High School, and Mattie Sever did not go either there or to Miss Page's School. About this time her father inherited a house in Kingston and for several years I made a visit there every summer. This house is one of the finest old New England houses in existence and its beauty sank into my heart and mind at once — never to be forgotten. It was full of beautiful old furniture, too.

Very few people in Cambridge went away for the whole summer but the Devens family always did, and after the Severs began to go too my summers were rather lonely. But there was a place where I often made a visit, this time with my mother. This was Canton, Massachusetts. My grandmother's sister, whom I can just remember, married the son of Paul Revere. He had developed the Revere Copper Company on the grounds of which was the place where Paul Revere cast his bells. Here my real hostess was my father's cousin, Miss Maria Revere, just like a very dear aunt to me.

We went by train to Canton Junction and from there took "the little car" which was like a hack on low wheels. This was drawn by a horse on a spur track which led to the "Works." From there we walked across

the Neponset River on a bridge and up the drive to the house. This was built on a side hill and the diningroom and kitchen were in the basement, but the diningroom door opened out into a grove of real forest trees. Breakfast and dinner were eaten there but supper was brought upstairs to "the little parlor" where it was eaten by candlelight. There was neither gas nor electricity and to me it was marvellous and romantic.

Then up the hill was where Cousin Maria's brother, Cousin John, lived with his family, which included Susie (now Mrs. Henry B. Chapin), about my own age, and her younger brother, Ned.

What fun it all was and how interesting was the Copper Yard with its furnaces and machinery and in the middle a great barn, very necessary, but interesting mostly because it sheltered a donkey named "Peggy" and a donkey cart for our use. We used to drive up to the village and buy chocolate drops of Miss Chloe Dunbar, and to the paper box factory where were sold nests of boxes with pretty pictures on the covers.

The little cousins who were burnt out in Chicago lived in Holyoke Place for a time and then in an apartment in Bulfinch Place in Boston — the first apartment I had ever seen with the first elevator I ever tried to run. Although only about twelve years old I was allowed to go into Boston by myself to spend Saturdays with them. The Broadway horse car took me to Bowdoin Square close to Bowdoin Street. There were other cars from Harvard Square up Main Street. A man came up to the car at Green Street with an extra horse which he hitched on to help pull the car up the hill! Shoppers generally disembarked at Temple Street and walked over the hill to Park Street past a frowning granite reservoir on the west side of the street. My father, who was one of the directors on the street railway, once told me that the long pile causeway and bridge, nearly a mile, where no fares changed, was a great liability. There was always the chance of the drawbridge being open to delay the passage, and there was that train crossing from the Boston and Albany which is still bothering surface cars.

If we were going to the mountains or the north shore we took a car which went on Cambridge Street. For the first part of the way this was quite interesting. Between Baldwin Street and Inman Square on the north side of the street was Hovey's Nursery with a high board fence over the top of which were tantalizing glimpses of trees. Opposite were a number of very handsome and, to me, interesting houses. (Houses

always attracted me.) They had flat roofs and there were low brick garden walls along the street. The rest of the street was commonplace with an occasional dwelling house, but in Boston the cars arrived at a very slummy place and there were three stations close together on Causeway Street where the North Station is now — the Lowell, the Eastern, and the Fitchburg Stations. The Boston and Maine was in Haymarket Square.

At the High School I was fitted for Harvard College and took the examinations for entrance. A group of ladies who were interested in the higher education of women had formed an organization which arranged that women could take the entrance examinations for Harvard and receive a certificate that they had done so. These ladies were the precursors of those who started Radcliffe. I think I was one of the very last girls who took the examinations under that organization and had my name in the College Catalogue.

My "preliminaries" were taken up in a big room at the Botanical Garden in June with dear Mrs. Asa Gray bringing in lemonade for us. My finals were taken with the rest of the girls in my class (who almost all went to "The Annex" afterward) in the Carrets' house, now called "Founders House," on Appian Way.

Those five years at the High School were filled with much pleasure, in which I was more interested than in the School. Though I pretended that I was sorry to leave school I realized that I was giving up something very precious in the friends I had made there. The old friends were never really forgotten, but new interests and broadening experience made new ones of greater importance.

There was in Cambridge, on the other side of the Common, a set of girls that I never went to school with but whom I gradually came to see socially, and among them were Marion and Alice Muzzey. I was between them in age and I became very intimate with them in their house on Coolidge Hill with its yard going down to Mount Auburn Street. Alice was my dearest friend. Their father died about a year before mine did and they went to Buffalo to live with their brother. I visited them there twice and stopped on the way home in Auburn, New York, to see Agnes who had married Thomas Mott Osborne. I wrote a weekly letter to Alice from the time she left Cambridge for more than thirty years.

The summer after I left school a cousin who was a chemist turned up.

Our house was always open to all sorts of relations and my mother was almost like a grandmother to all her nieces and nephews. This young man, afterwards an expert on concrete, had with him a camera and a tripod and "these new dry plates," and I have a photograph he took (very bad) of the whole family sitting on the lawn! Up to that time, and for many years afterward, it was tintypes that we had taken (when we could afford it). I have a funny collection — but how soft and pretty they are.

I had no desire to go to college, but I felt I must do something. After family consultation with Mrs. Susan Nichols Carter, an old friend of the family and the head of the Art School at the Cooper Union in New York, I went to the school of the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston in September, 1882, to study drawing and painting and design.

Here was a new life opened to me. In the first place, I had to go to Boston every day. A new route had been established; the cars did not all go to Bowdoin Square — some of them turned off and went through Charles Street to Park Square. Shoppers walked across the Common instead of over the hill. At Park Square was the Providence Station with its high clock tower where is now the Hotel Statler.

There was a special car at 8:15 that ran on Broadway and was patronized by a number of very interesting people who taught in schools in Boston. There were Mr. John Hopkinson, who kept a very fashionable school for boys, Mr. Walter Deane one of his assistants, also Mr. Volkmann who afterward founded the Volkmann School, Miss Elizabeth Simmons, one of the most brilliant and interesting women I ever met, sometimes Miss Catherine Ireland in whose school she taught, and Miss von Seckendorff who taught German in that same school — and afterwards gave me private lessons in German. French I had had at Miss Page's and also rather casually in High School. For company near my own age was Fanny Ames, now Mrs. Mallinson Randall, younger than I but never to be forgotten, going in to Miss Ireland's.

I left the car at Boylston Street, a street then composed almost entirely of houses in which "nice" people lived. There were the two hotels, Hotel Berkeley and Hotel Brunswick, but on the corner of Berkeley Street opposite Hotel Berkeley was the very handsome building of the Young Men's Christian Association. Of course, on the other side of Boylston Street were the Natural History Museum, the Rogers Build-

ing of the Institute of Technology, and the Walker Building. I think the latter was not there in 1882. I think the Lowell Institute of Design had a small low wooden building there. My idea was to go to that later but I came to scorn it.

Trinity Church was just built, and where the Sheraton Plaza now stands was the Art Museum. In front of it was a dump. Where the Public Library now stands were two thin city houses with marble fronts.

Horse cars, blue and green ones, ran up Boylston Street and all around the square to Dartmouth Street and then through and out Marlborough Street.

The school was in the basement of the Museum and in the attic, where was the life class, and also in a lecture room up a winding staircase among the skylights. Beginners, after learning in the basement to draw very large hands and ears and eyes, were promoted to work in the galleries of the first floor, where most of the objects of interest were casts of famous statues.

There were two instructors, Mr. Otto Grundmann, imported from Europe, and Mr. Frederick Crowninshield, who had a brick studio in the back yard where he made stained glass windows. He was much more interested in the students than Mr. Grundmann and did a great deal for them. He had had a class in History of Decoration and this class had become so interested in Egyptian art that they had with their own hands decorated in the Egyptian manner a room in the basement which was used as a lunch room. Here a woman came every day and served hot cocoa for a small sum. Every day I brought in bread and butter and a raw potato. On the latter I cut my initials and she baked it for me.

Of course, we all had special seats at the long tables. I sat with my classmates, called by Mr. Crowninshield "Infants." I made a group of friends and we had many merry times together — always dashing out to Trinity Church to weddings when we saw the awnings out.

It was probably Mr. Crowninshield who engineered having Mr. — afterward Sir — Hubert Herkimer come and speak to us. He was a distinguished English artist. I can't remember anything he said except that a new process had been discovered by which drawings and photographs could be cheaply reproduced, and it was possible that we might at some time be able to have illustrations in our morning papers. He never imagined that they would be telegraphed around the world.

I found that Mr. Crowninshield had arranged for a summer school in Richmond, Massachusetts. It had had one or two sessions and it seemed to me it was very important for me to go. So it proved, though not in the way I expected. My family consented, and although my brother had died early in June after a long illness, I started off under the patronage of two elderly ladies — at least I considered them elderly. They must have been between forty and fifty! I thought them too old to paint.

Never shall I forget that journey through the valley of the Westfield River! A long drive over the hills from the Richmond railroad station to "Kenmore" brought us to the old house which Mr. Crowninshield had found. It was and is a remarkably fine eighteenth-century house with a wide hall and grand staircase.

Two of the four rooms on the first floor were furnished as parlors with straw cushions. All the other rooms were dormitories, in one of which at the back I was quartered with some of the older ladies and Alice Hinds, who was not only one of the important older students of the school but Mr. Crowninshield's assistant in his studio. She it was who was keeping house, and another older student, William Stone (familiarily known as Billy Rocks) took care of the very necessary horse and wagon; for we were many, many miles from everything except a farm house directly across the road where were two diningrooms and a kitchen and some domestic help.

I was rather disappointed not to be put at the dining table with the younger members of the party but placed with the old ladies. However, with them were Dr. and Mrs. Edward Emerson of Concord and their children, and that certainly was a privilege. He was the son of Ralph Waldo Emerson and was desirous of giving up his chosen medical profession for that of artist.

There were only two "Infants" besides myself and those not well known to me. The other students besides the "old ladies" were from the very upper class at the school. Among others were Frank Benson of Salem and Joseph Lindon Smith, both headed for Paris, and some other young men. I began to realize that there were many respectable and socially agreeable young men to whom Harvard College was no attraction. The queens of the whole establishment were Helen Hinds (Alice's sister), May Hallowell of West Medford, and Lizzie Schuster of Brattle-

boro. They had some secret plan of a play they were to give. There were murmurs of it but it never came off.

I was odd man out and belonged with nobody but did not seem to mind it, except that they were planning to have a dance on Fourth of July. They had a piano, though no other furniture except beds. My brother had died so recently that I felt as if I could not go to that dance, but I could not think how to get out of going.

On the Fourth of July someone put up a hammock and Helen Hinds got into it and began to swing. Out came a staple and down she fell and banged her head badly. Dr. Emerson said it was only a slight concussion but she must keep quiet for several days, and neither she nor the girls who shared her room could go to the dance. Of course, these two girls wanted to go, and so Helen's sister was expected to give up her bed to one of the other girls and I offered to give up mine. It was such an opportunity for me! Not much to do, was it? The result was that I not only ceased to be a nonentity but, because I was considered so unselfish, I was taken up by the most desirable girls in the community and formed friendships for life. Two of those "girls," now over ninety are still my intimate friends.

In my last two years at the Museum School I was in a new department, the Decoration Class. Here we had an architect, C. Howard Walker, for a teacher — one of the most interesting and inspiring. He had travelled extensively in Europe and he put at our disposal all his photographs and sketches. Another door opened wide. I began to feel that I wanted to be either an illustrator or an architect. I was told that if I learned to draw and paint I could easily become an illustrator, but as a woman I could not be an architect. Mr. Walker said I should have to learn to swear and that most of the time I should think my occupation tedious.

After four years at the Museum School I tried doing some work at home for a year. My father had been ill a long time and he died in January. He wished my mother to sell our house and the land and build a smaller house somewhere.

We were fortunate enough to sell the house at once to the Reverend Francis G. Peabody. (It is now known as the Peabody House.) Of course, his brother Robert, a very distinguished architect, superintended the remodelling of it. Mrs. Peabody felt as I did about the staircase and

wanted to have it turned. He said it could not be done and she said Miss Lois Howe had said it could be. He found I was right — so he always was interested in me!

It was heartbreaking to leave the house and very difficult to find a location for a new one, but we suddenly heard that Mr. Charles Choate was giving up his place on the corner of Brattle and Appleton Streets and we were able to buy the asparagus bed. My aunt, Mrs. Devens, sold her house on Everett Street and bought the corner lot next to us.

Cabot and Chandler were the architects of our house and I spent every minute that I could in it while it was being built and then said, "This is what I want to do!" So I went to see President Walker of the Tech and asked him if I could come into Tech on a six years' certificate of entrance to Harvard College, to which he agreed.

Lewis Carroll's book "Sylvy and Bruno" came out about that time with its fascinating jingles which we were all imitating, and one of my friends wrote this:

I thought I saw an architect
Climb up the Tech's high stairs.
I looked again and found it was
A lamb midst crowds of bears.
Poor thing! I said. Poor lonely thing,
I wonder how she dares!

And I *was* the only girl in a class of sixty-five men and one of two girls in a drafting room of ninety. The other girl, Sophia G. Hayden, was ahead of me in class. She never did anything for me, but Mr. Francis H. Chandler, the architect of our house, became the new head of the Department of Architecture and that was a help.

I had just begun to go to Tech when our neighbor, Miss Mary Blatchford, came to call. When she heard what I was doing she said her nephew, Gardiner Scudder, was going there, that he walked over to Allston and took the train in every morning. She was sure he would like to have me go, too. Gardiner was much younger than I, too young for Harvard, they thought, so he was having a year at Tech. So Miss Blatchford put it through, and every morning Gardiner and I walked to Allston and took a train under the big railroad bridge. We got out when the train stopped before crossing the Boston and Albany road near where the Trinity Place station now is. We got through a hole in the fence

and were very near the Tech. This was the beginning of a very happy friendship lasting, alas, only a few years, for Gardiner died very young.

From St. James Avenue to Columbus Avenue was all railroad tracks — like the great space along Boylston Street now — only on the street grade.

Next year I used the horse cars to go to Boston. From our parlor window we could see the car coming down Brattle Street and run out to get it. If I was late for my usual car old Jerry, the driver, waited for me. The cars from Harvard Square to Boston had been electrified and we always had to change at the Square — in the open — in every kind of weather.

I took only what was called a “partial course” in architecture — two years — but I got a job in the office of Francis R. Allen of Allen and Kenway.

All eyes were turned on Chicago where was being built the great Columbian Exposition which had a marvellous architectural effect on the country. Mr. Robert Peabody, who was one of the Committee of Architects planning the exposition telegraphed me to enter a competition for the Women’s Building at this Fair. I told Miss Hayden about it. Mr. Allen gave me leave of absence and we both went to work. She got the first prize and built the building. I got the second prize, \$500.00, and that meant I could go to Europe.

MOUNT AUBURN'S SIXSCORE YEARS

BY OAKES I. AMES

Read April 22, 1952

THE consecration of Mount Auburn Cemetery one hundred and twenty years ago last September constituted a notable landmark in the history of landscape gardening as applied to cemeteries. For the first time in this country a large burial ground was opened to the public in beautiful rural surroundings in sharp contrast with the crowded and frequently unkempt conditions that prevailed in the urban graveyards, often attached to churches, which theretofore were commonly used for burial purposes not only in America but also in Europe. The innovation of landscaped lawns amidst a beautiful naturalistic setting of shrubs and trees quickly won universal acceptance, and within twenty years rural cemeteries became a distinctive feature of the American scene. How Mount Auburn became the prototype of this improved kind of permanent "sleeping place" makes an interesting story.

To Dr. Jacob Bigelow, noted Boston physician and botanist, goes the chief credit not only for the conception of a nonsectarian garden cemetery but also for the perseverance and determination to carry his idea to fruition against discouraging indifference and formidable obstacles. Disturbed by the threat to public health arising from the overcrowding of the church vaults and city graveyards, Dr. Bigelow held, as early as 1825, a meeting of forward-looking Bostonians at his Summer Street residence with the purpose of stimulating interest in the then strikingly novel idea of a spacious rural cemetery where persons of all religious beliefs might bury their dead in the peaceful and serene atmosphere of beautiful naturalistic surroundings. It is true that there already existed near Paris a cemetery of the garden type known as Père Lachaise. It was, however, a former Jesuit retreat that had been converted by the City of Paris into a public cemetery, whereas Mount Auburn was conceived and developed as a garden cemetery by private enterprise. Dr. Bigelow's proposal met with the immediate favor of those who attended that first meeting, including George Bond, Nathan Hale, and John Lowell. Little headway

was made, however, because of the high prices asked for desirable properties or the reluctance of the owners to permit them to be used for such a purpose. Negotiations to acquire the beautiful estate of Mr. Augustus Aspinwall in Brookline, as well as other suitable tracts, met with failure.

Despite discouragement the project was not abandoned, and in 1830 renewed hope of success arose when the availability became known of an ideal tract already locally famous for its beauty and the variety of its rugged terrain. This tract, situated on the Cambridge-Watertown boundary line, contained seventy-two acres of wooded land interspersed with ponds and dominated by an elevation rising one hundred and twenty-five feet above the nearby Charles River. Generally called "Stone's Woods" because title to most of the land had been held by the Stone family for over two hundred years, it had long been familiarly known to Harvard students and others who loved to meander through its secluded trails as "Sweet Auburn" because of its connotations with Oliver Goldsmith's idyllic poem. It was the favorite walk of nature lovers, the rendezvous of botanists and picknickers, the refuge of those who needed peace and relaxation or sought relief from the world's pain and cares. Its summit commanded one of the finest views to be found in the vicinity of Boston.

Fortunately, this property of wide appeal had recently been bought at auction by Mr. George W. Brimmer, a lover of nature who wished to preserve its God-given beauty from the encroachment of urban development. Even more fortunately, Dr. Bigelow was able to persuade his public-spirited friend to offer the property for the purpose of an ornamental cemetery at the original cost of \$6,000 to himself. There now arose the problem of raising the necessary money. Because of the general apathy and even the prejudice of the public against a drastic innovation of this kind, it seemed necessary to enlist in the cause the coöperation of a young and energetic society that commanded wide popular support.

Ready at hand was the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, which had been organized the previous year (1829) with General Henry A. S. Dearborn as President and Dr. Bigelow as Corresponding Secretary. One of the desiderata of this Society was the establishment of an experimental garden for the growing of fruits and flowers. But funds for the purpose were lacking. Hence a proposal to combine the idea of an experimental garden with a rural cemetery in a joint enterprise received

hearty support. Committees were at once appointed to work out plans for the purchase of the property, and newspaper articles were written in support of the project. Among the prominent persons who, in addition to Messrs. Bigelow, Bond, Brimmer, and Dearborn, took an active part in this work of promotion were Joseph Story, Daniel Webster, Edward Everett, Abbott Lawrence, Samuel Appleton, James T. Austin, Zebedee Cook, Franklin Dexter, John C. Gray, John Pierpont, and Lucius M. Sargent.

An act authorizing the Horticultural Society to dedicate real estate for a rural cemetery was approved on June 23, 1831. By August over one hundred subscribers had agreed to purchase lots at a price of \$60 for each lot of 300 square feet, thus assuring the funds required to purchase the Brimmer property which was now given the name of Mount Auburn. Mr. Alexander Wadsworth was employed to make a topographical survey of the whole property, and public religious services of consecration were held on September 24, 1831.

Nearly two thousand people assembled in the beautiful natural amphitheater, still called Consecration Dell, to witness the dedication of Mount Auburn as a rural cemetery. The Reverend Henry Ware of the Harvard Divinity School offered the introductory prayer. The Boston band played the music for the hymn which was written for the occasion by the Reverend John Pierpont, who was to become a grandfather of the distinguished banker and financier John Pierpont Morgan. The feature of the day was the moving and impressive address by Justice Story. But to capture some of the local atmosphere of the memorable scene let us turn to an account in the *Boston Courier* of that time from which the following extract is taken:

An unclouded sun and an atmosphere purified by the showers of the preceding night combined to make the day one of the most delightful we ever experience at this season of the year. It is unnecessary for us to say that the address by Judge Story was pertinent to the occasion, for if the name of the orator were not sufficient, the perfect silence of the multitude, enabling him to be heard with distinctness at the most distant part of the beautiful amphitheater in which the services were performed, will be sufficient testimony as to its worth and beauty. Neither is it in our power to furnish any adequate description of the effect produced by the music of the thousand voices which joined in the hymn as it swelled in chastened melody from the bottom of the glen and, like the spirit of devotion, found an echo in every heart and pervaded the whole scene.

The natural features of Mount Auburn are incomparable for the purpose to which it is now sacred. There is not in all the untrodden valleys of the West, a more secluded, more natural or appropriate spot for the religious exercises of the living; we may be allowed to add our doubts whether the most opulent neighborhood of Europe furnishes a spot so singularly appropriate for a "Garden of Graves."

About thirty-two acres, situated next to the Watertown road and separated from the cemetery proper in the interior woodland by a long water course, were allocated for an experimental garden for "the promotion of horticulture in all its branches, ornamental as well as useful." The records of the Horticultural Society are strangely silent on this test garden which played such a conspicuous part in the early plans for the cemetery. However, the *New England Farmer* for 1833 and 1834 gives considerable space to the proceedings of that society and from this source we learn that seeds of *magnolia acuminata* were sent from Ohio, seeds of the Gul Ibrischim or "Silk Tassel Rose" from Turkey, over a hundred varieties of seeds, including Himalayan pine and Deodar cedar, from Mr. Wallich of the Botanical Garden at Calcutta, scions of plum and apple from Montreal, and many vegetable seeds from the London Horticultural Society. During the opening years of the cemetery over thirteen hundred ornamental or fruit trees were planted by the gardener as well as four hundred and fifty varieties of seeds which were sent to the Society from Europe, Asia, and South America. Flowers and vegetables raised at Mount Auburn were exhibited at the rooms of the Horticultural Society in Boston.

Despite this auspicious beginning, the garden never became a factor of importance even to local horticulture because of the lack of specific funds for its support and a conflict of interest which developed between those who were primarily interested in the promotion of the garden and those who wished the proceeds of lot sales used for the improvement of the burial grounds rather than for defraying the expenses of the Horticultural Society. Adding to the complications was the fact that all purchasers of lots automatically became life members of the Horticultural Society and that, due to their rapidly increasing numbers, they would soon acquire a controlling vote in the affairs of the Society. The need for segregating the cemetery and its management from the Horticultural Society became apparent. But how to reconcile the legitimate claims of

the opposing factions was not so obvious and a rather heated debate ensued. A compromise plan satisfactory to both parties was worked out, however, and promptly put into operation.

By special act of the state legislature, approved March 31, 1835, the present corporation, with the full title of Proprietors of the Cemetery of Mount Auburn, was created to take over the operation of the garden and cemetery with all the powers, and subject to the same trusts, as had been conferred upon the Massachusetts Horticultural Society. The latter organization, by deed dated June 19, 1835, conveyed to the new cemetery corporation its garden and cemetery, the size of which by that time had been increased to approximately one hundred and ten acres by additional purchases. Under the terms of an agreement entered into between the two societies in October 1910, which superseded two earlier agreements, Mount Auburn Cemetery pays annually to the Horticultural Society, after the deduction of \$1,400 originally intended to cover the expense of the superintendent's salary, approximately one-quarter of the gross proceeds received from the sale of lots situated in the approximately 138 acres which comprised the burial grounds at that date.

This agreement, whose basic terms were first set forth in Mount Auburn's charter, has proved to be a source of much satisfaction to both parties. Pursuant thereto, the Horticultural Society has received more than \$415,000 after reimbursement for all its capital outlays and expenses incurred in connection with the cemetery. Some idea of the significance of this sum may be deduced from the fact that it constitutes more than one-half of that Society's investment fund and over one-quarter of its total assets. On its part, Mount Auburn owes its very existence to the foresight and courageous initiative of the Horticultural Society and takes considerable pride in the important contribution which it has made, and will continue to make, to the cause of horticulture in Massachusetts.

Shortly following the incorporation of the Cemetery, the Honorable Joseph Story was elected President of the Corporation by the Trustees, who in turn had been elected at a meeting of the Proprietors. Dr. Jacob Bigelow, one of the nine Trustees, was appointed to the important committee that was entrusted with the laying out of the lots. These two men played so important a part in the early history of Mount Auburn and the example of their leadership has exerted down through the years such a strong influence upon the Trustees who have succeeded them that it may

not be out of place to digress a few moments from the horticultural aspects of the cemetery in order briefly to outline their remarkable accomplishments.

Joseph Story was a profound interpreter of the law and the foremost legal author that our country has ever produced. Confessedly a grind at Harvard, where he studied fourteen hours a day for months at a time, he quickly made a name for himself in the Massachusetts General Court and in Congress. At the age of thirty-two he was appointed Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, the youngest man ever to hold that position. He retained this office until his death and took a leading part in formulating the far-reaching decisions that interpreted the Constitution as giving the Supreme Court the power to review issues of constitutional law raised in state cases. His opinions were also highly important in placing Federal maritime law on a sound foundation. A man of strong antislavery convictions, he did not hesitate to incur the angry denunciation of those with vested interest in the African slave trade by judgments ordering the repatriation to Africa of Negroes brought into American ports by slavers.

But Story's fame is by no means restricted to his achievements as a jurist. In 1829 he was appointed the first Dane Professor in the Harvard Law School. An early advocate of training for the law in a law school rather than an office, he brought the enrollment from eighteen to one hundred and fifty under the stimulus of his brilliant teaching. He was a passionate seeker of the truth and applied a scientific and philosophic approach to the fundamental principles of the law. Concurrent with his work both as a justice and as a professor of law, he brought out many legal textbooks and volumes of commentaries on the law which exerted a great influence on American jurisprudence and legal education and which are still remarkable for their learning and lucidity. Despite this full schedule, he found time to take an active interest in civic affairs, including the first presidency of Mount Auburn Cemetery, an office in which he always took keen interest during his incumbency of more than ten years.

Jacob Bigelow was a man of brilliant accomplishments in several distinct fields. A physician with a large consulting practice, he was also a pioneer in the botany of the Boston district. His popular *Florula Bostoniensis*, published in 1814, was the first systematic study of the New

England flora, and was not supplanted until the publication in 1848 of Asa Gray's *Manual*. He also wrote the standard book, *American Medical Botany*, and himself made most of its exquisite illustrations, comprising over six thousand engravings and some sixty plates produced by a process he invented of printing in colors direct from copper plates.

Before he was thirty years of age he was appointed Professor of Materia Medica at Harvard and also the first Rumford Professor of the Application of Science to the Useful Arts. He was deeply interested in mechanics and while teaching it he originated the term "technology." His intimate knowledge of many crafts was utilized in his early lectures as Rumford Professor. In 1835 he delivered an important paper, *Discourse on Self-limited Diseases*, as part of his campaign against the excessive bloodletting and drugging which were then the conventional treatments for almost every kind of illness. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes said of this paper that it had "more influence on medical practice in America than any other similar brief treatise."

An educational reformer and one of the founders of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, he denied claims that classical studies were essential to all useful training. Although he himself was a brilliant classical scholar, he urged the study of science, modern languages, and the culinary art. Upon the death of Justice Story he served as the active and inspirational President of Mount Auburn Cemetery for over twenty-five years, and further demonstrated his versatile talents by designing the Egyptian gateway, the tower, the iron fence, and the chapel which now bears his name.

To return to the subject of horticulture, we have seen that the "cemetery and garden" was early separated from the Massachusetts Horticultural Society. Nevertheless, it has been the aim of the Trustees throughout the years to carry out the high ideals of the founders for a memorial ground for the repose of the departed in which flowering shrubs and trees and the beauties of nature should play a conspicuous role. It may be of interest, therefore, to trace the horticultural development of the cemetery under the Proprietors.

At the time of the original purchase, the central portion of the cemetery was heavily wooded with oak, beech, walnut, and pine, many of the trees being classified as sixty years old. Elm and other trees from General Dearborn's nursery were at once set out along the Watertown

road, which was then called the River Road but which was later re-named Mount Auburn Street in honor of the cemetery. At the same time, it was necessary drastically to thin out the forest trees in order to admit sunshine to the newly laid out lots. Despite this removal of surplus trees, Dr. Bigelow in 1860 refers to the serious evil resulting from the growth of the trees since the establishment of the cemetery. So dense had become the foliage that the ground as seen from the top of the tower looked like an impenetrable forest in which most of the monuments were concealed from view by the contiguous branches. For the next ten years many trees were cut down, supplying hundred of cords of firewood.

The terrain also underwent a gradual change. The tops of hills and other eminences were removed to supply gravel for filling in the stagnant ponds and other low land, particularly to the north of Indian Ridge Path. In 1855-56 the western end of Garden Pond (now Halycon Lake), which extended nearly to the present site of Story Chapel, was filled up. In the next few years granite curbing were placed around the edges of Consecration Dell Pond, Forest Pond (since filled in), and Meadow Pond (now Auburn Lake), not to mention such ornamental areas as the one in front of the old chapel. Some of these relics of the age of granite were not removed until 1918. To add variety to the landscape, fountains were introduced in Auburn Lake, Halycon Lake, the Lawn (now Asa Gray Garden) and the area called Alice Fountain. All have been removed with the exception of the one in the garden named after the great botanist.

In the meantime, the horticultural adornment of the cemetery was not neglected. Probably one of the first exotic trees to be introduced into the cemetery was a Ginkgo which was imported by Dr. Bigelow and planted near Lawn Avenue. This grew to be of such proportions that it was described by Ernest H. Wilson in his *Aristocrats of the Trees*. A notable feature of this tree was that its pollen fertilized some female trees located at the Gray Botanic Gardens over a mile distant. Unfortunately, all efforts to keep this tree in healthy condition failed and it had to be removed in 1942.

In 1853 over one hundred mountain laurel were procured from Wilton, New Hampshire, and set out around the pond now known as Auburn Lake and along the front line of the cemetery eastward from the main gateway. Two years later \$300 was voted for the purchase of flowering shrubs — and in that day a sum of this size was 75 per cent of

the annual salary of the gatekeeper! In this connection it is of interest to note that that gentleman had the duty of personally attending the gate from sunrise to sunset every day in the week, except in the forenoon of the Sabbath, when he could at his own expense substitute another person approved by the Superintendent. For his long hours of service he received the munificent salary of \$400 per annum payable quarterly!

In the annual report for 1859 reference is made to the importation of nearly five hundred flowering shrubs, including many rhododendrons from Liverpool. On October 19, 1860, the Prince of Wales (the future Edward VII) planted a purple beech and a yellowwood tree in the area fronting Bigelow Chapel. The beech is still flourishing. In 1867 a number of elms were planted near the main gateway. The report for 1870 mentions liberal importations and purchases of flowering shrubs.

In 1873 an important step in controlling the appearance of the new part of the cemetery was taken when the so-called "landscape lawn" plan was put into effect. This forbade the enclosure of lots by fences or curbings, and restricted the height of headstones to two feet six inches. Early in 1931 a more drastic step in this direction was taken when the right of erection was limited to one monument above ground level, all other memorials on the lot having to be even with the ground. Later that same year the area surrounding Willow Pond was restricted to memorial stones that do not rise above the grade of the lot.

The year 1882 would appear to have been of importance horticulturally, for 645 trees and 1,892 shrubs were then set out on the grounds. Before that date a yearly average of 250 trees and 400 shrubs had been planted. At that period about 75 trees were cut down annually because of old age, interference with lots, or other good reasons.

Over fifty years were now to pass before plantings of more than a routine nature were again made; or, at least, no mention thereof is to be found in any of the annual or other reports. Then, in 1935, two carloads of rhododendrons, azaleas, and other flowering plants from the Appalachian region were utilized around the three main ponds. Also, the shrub border extending from the gateway on Mount Auburn Street to Coolidge Avenue was entirely redesigned and replanted. Exclusive of plant stock and ground covers from the Cemetery's own nursery, over 3,300 shrubs and trees were purchased and set out on the ornamental grounds and lots. Included among these were 671 rhododendrons, 380

azaleas, 249 mountain laurel, 234 mountain andromeda, 160 yews, 133 dogwoods, 127 junipers, 86 lilacs and 61 flowering crabs. Indicative of the size of the beds planted to bulbs that year were the purchase of 22,000 tulips, 2,300 narcissi, 164 lilies, 3,000 crocus and over 2,500 bulbs of other varieties. Needless to say, the present budget does not permit such generous purchases of bulbs for garden decoration.

Not forgotten in the planting programs are trees and shrubs that provide food or protection for the wild birds. To the bird lover no area in the general vicinity of Boston holds greater attraction, particularly during the migration of the warblers in May. The plentiful supply of food, water, and natural cover provides an ideal place of refuge. Its attractiveness both to bird and man is enhanced by the purposeful planting of dogwoods, flowering crabs and cherries, shadblows, mountain ashes, mulberries, hawthorns, birches, hollies, viburnums, honeysuckles, blueberries, barberries, bayberries, red cedars, hemlocks, pines, berry-bearing ground covers, and other such favorites. A section in the undeveloped area has been especially planted for the birds and is allowed to grow wild, but the whole cemetery is maintained as a sanctuary where winter feeding and the supplying of birdhouses and birdbaths add to the natural allurements.

A major step in improving the horticultural and floral services offered by Mount Auburn was taken in 1936 with the completion in the work area owned on Grove Street, Watertown, of a new range of six greenhouses containing 23,200 square feet under glass. This replaced the old and inadequate greenhouse plant, the first unit of which was originally built in 1857 by the Gardener to the Cemetery on the site between Brattle and Mount Auburn Streets which was leased to him by the Corporation. The gardener used to operate the greenhouses himself and take care of the lots of the proprietors, to whom he sold the produce and his services on his own terms. This arrangement was discontinued in 1864, however, when the Corporation itself took over the business of supplying and cultivating the plants and flowers. In 1866 it was found necessary to build a new propagating house and, in 1870, a new greenhouse to meet the increasing demand for this floral service.

Supplementing the greenhouse and affording space for the growing of all the plants and ground covers which are propagated therein is a nursery of nearly five acres abutting Grove Street. This land was for-

merly owned by Mr. A. M. Davenport but was bought by the Corporation over a period of years from 1921 to 1950. The nursery will be adequate to supply the choicer and more expensive plants which are included in the 1,600 trees and shrubs which it is estimated will be needed annually for replacement purposes.

Of particular interest to lovers of flowering plants was the completion in 1937 of a landscaped garden, since named Asa Gray Garden in honor of the noted botanist, in the circular area enclosed by Lawn Avenue and conveniently located midway between the two chapels. This garden replaced a large number of small, widely scattered flower beds which were given up because they were not in harmony with the naturalistic development of the cemetery grounds. Its design, with the concentric treatment and axial paths, by chance goes back to the basic plan of the original garden which was built about 1860. A picture showing the earlier pool and layout was not discovered until after the completion of the present garden. Originally this lawn area had been an extension of Wyeth's Meadow across the public street. In addition to about forty kinds of hybrid tea and floribunda roses this garden features, besides a choice collection of peonies, daylilies, iris, chrysanthemums, and many other perennials, sixteen varieties of named hybrid rhododendrons, twelve kinds of azaleas and several uncommon specimen trees such as the Umbrella Pine, Short-leaf White Pine, *Styrax japonica* or Snowball, *Kobus magnolia*, Helen Borchers flowering peach, and *Waterer laburnum*.

The hurricane of September 21, 1938, destroyed 811 trees — about 16 per cent of the total of over 5,100 now estimated to be growing on the consecrated grounds. In addition, 1,200 were damaged in greater or lesser degree. It is the belief of Ludlow Griscom that as the result of this destruction the migratory birds have never since been so abundant. However, the restoration program, which called for the planting of over 750 trees, afforded a good opportunity to introduce kinds that had not theretofore been planted in the grounds. At the present time there may be seen in Mount Auburn over 350 kinds of deciduous trees, of which 200 represent species, and more than 125 kinds of evergreen trees including 67 species. By families, there are 38 kinds of flowering crab-apples, 39 cherries, 24 hawthorns, 24 magnolias, 21 maples, 19 oaks, 18 elms and 14 lindens. Listed among the evergreen trees and shrubs are

39 kinds of junipers, 32 spruces, 31 pines, 27 yews, 15 firs, and 14 hemlocks. It is hoped that eventually all of the more desirable kinds of trees and shrubs that do well in this climate will be represented in the cemetery, thereby carrying out the original plans of the founders for a botanical collection of real interest.

One of the original objects of Mount Auburn, as stated in the address of Edward Everett, was to serve as a sanctuary where the natural beauty of the landscape would be supplemented by works of art, including enduring memorials of marble or granite erected out of love and gratitude both to those who had won renown in life and to those whose passing attracted little public notice.

The first monument in the cemetery was erected by "female friends" to the memory of Hannah Adams, the first American woman of note to make writing a vocation. This was the precursor for many other memorials erected pursuant to subscription by the public or by friends. A few typical examples are those commemorating Joseph S. Buckminster, youthful Unitarian minister; John H. Ashmun, brilliant young Royall Professor of Law in Harvard University, whose career was cut short at age thirty-three; Warren Colburn, mathematician and educational reformer; Thomas G. Fessenden, poet and satirist; John Murray, founder of Universalism in America; Noah Worcester, Congregational clergyman; Nathaniel Bowditch, mathematician and author of the famous *New American Practical Navigator*; William F. Harndon, pioneer expressman; Charles T. Torrey, one of the earliest martyrs to the antislavery cause; John D. Fisher, physician and pioneer advocate of education for the blind; Hosea Ballou, the "father of American universalism," whose erect marble statute was executed by the well-known sculptor Edward A. Brackett; and, last but not least, Louis Agassiz, renowned scientist, whose granite boulder was the gift of his native Switzerland.

The bronze statute of Nathaniel Bowditch, which was designated by the Englishman Ball Hughes, is of special interest in that the original casting of 1847 is reputed to have been "the first full-length bronze statue ever cast in this country, the Franklin statue in front of City Hall, Boston, being the second." The original casting unfortunately developed cracks and other defects. It was sent to Paris in 1886 for recasting, and the present statue was erected the following year on the same base as the original one.

Mention should also be made at this time of group memorials honoring men lost in the service of our country. In this category fall the marble cenotaph erected by the officers of the United States Exploring Expedition of 1838-1842 under Lieutenant Charles Wilkes to the memory of their associates who were killed in the Fiji Islands or lost at sea; the large granite monument which the Boston Independent Corps of Cadets erected in 1867 to the memory of their sixteen members who died fighting for the Union; and Martin Milmore's massive granite Sphinx, the conception and gift of Dr. Jacob Bigelow, which also commemorates the heroes of the Civil War who preserved the American Union and destroyed slavery.

In a different classification are the four marble statues which were made in Italy during the middle eighteen-fifties by American sculptors. After protracted discussions on the part of the Trustees as to the propriety of using cemetery funds for such a purpose, it was decided to embellish the interior of the rebuilt chapel with the statues of distinguished men who would be representative of four important periods in the history of Massachusetts. A statue of Joseph Story, executed by his son William Wetmore Story from funds raised by a spontaneous private subscription immediately following the death of the great jurist, was already near completion and admirably epitomized the current period of peaceful fruition under beneficent laws. For the three remaining works of art the Corporation appropriated \$15,000. John Winthrop, the first governor, was selected to represent the early Colonial period, Richard S. Greenough being commissioned to make the statue. The contract for the statue of James Otis, as the leader of the first resistance to British parliamentary aggression, was awarded to Thomas Crawford. John Adams was chosen to embody the third period of actual revolution and constitutional growth. His statue was sculptured by Randolph Rogers.

With the completion of the new chapel and office building in 1898, the four statues were moved to a room in the latter building that was especially designed to accommodate them. Here they remained until 1935, when the remodelling of the administrative building, pursuant to the discontinuance of the Boston office, necessitated their disposal. They were accordingly donated to Harvard University to the great satisfaction of the Department of Fine Arts. The statue of James Otis now gives balance to the one of Josiah Quincy in Sanders Theater. The memorial

to Joseph Story fittingly serves as an incentive to law students in Langdell Hall. Those of Governor Winthrop and John Adams have been relegated to the comparative obscurity of the large assembly room of Memorial Hall.

Just as the passing of time brought changes in horticultural conceptions (it is hard to realize that palms from the greenhouses were used to decorate the grounds around the new office building until the depression of the early thirties, or that the old iron hitching posts and broad concrete pavement in front of the Egyptian gateway did not give way to the softening effects of an evergreen planting until 1936), so we find an interesting evolution during the past century in the taste of the public for lot ornamentation or memorialization.

During the first ten years of the cemetery, a total of 190 tombs were erected in contrast to only 164 monuments, notwithstanding the plea of the Reverend John Pierpont that the simple earth grave "with here and there a violet bestrewn" is both "more interesting and instructive" than the marble tomb with its implications of vanity. But the popularity of tombs soon yielded to monuments of marble. And, during the eighteen-eighties, granite superseded marble as the favorite memorial stone.

It was also the fashion to enclose lots with iron fences. By the time of the outbreak of the Civil War well over half of the lots in the cemetery were so encumbered. With the advent of that war granite curbings were largely substituted for the metal and continued to be in vogue for nearly twenty years. The last recorded erection of a new lot enclosure was in 1886. Pictures of Mount Auburn taken presumably in the eighteen-sixties reveal a maze of iron fences and stone curbings that largely nullify the beauty of the natural terrain. Removal of the fences began to get under way on a considerable scale in the early seventies and reached a peak in the decade of the eighties, undoubtedly stimulated by the success of the landscape lawn plan and the heavy cost of maintenance. The same factors initiated the removal of granite curbings, but here progress was more leisurely, the height of the movement not occurring until the nineteen-thirties. All told, the removal of well over 1,500 iron fences and of 525 curbings, not to mention 77 tombs, has greatly improved the appearance of the grounds and been a major factor in reducing maintenance costs.

With growing maturity and the increase of its sculptured monu-

ments, Mount Auburn became a favorite carriage drive for Boston families and a show-place to which famous visitors from abroad, like Charles Dickens and Emperor Don Pedro of Brazil were taken. So great was the desire of the public to see the cemetery, that for many years the admission of vehicles was restricted to ticket holders. As leaders in the nation's cultural and commercial life were laid to sleep within its hallowed grounds and the prosperity of New England increased under the stimulus of expanding industry, Mount Auburn's historic and artistic interest became ever broader. Students of the fine arts find it convenient to study in one locality the works of such distinguished American sculptors or artists as Washington Allston, Franklin Dexter, Thomas Crawford, Edward A. Brackett, Thomas Ball, Harriet G. Hosmer, Martin Milmore, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, Frank Edwin Elwell, Bela Pratt, and Egerton Swartwout, the architect who designed the Mary Baker Eddy memorial. Others come to pay tribute to the memory of one or more of the noted personages who have here found their last resting place. The number of those who are listed in the *Dictionary of American Biography* or *Webster's Biographical Dictionary* has already passed the five-hundred mark. Among the names most frequently listed in encyclopedias and dictionaries are the poets or authors Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Russell Lowell, Julia Ward Howe, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and Amy Lowell; the educators Charles W. Eliot and Josiah Royce; the historians William H. Prescott and Francis Parkman; the actors or artists Charlotte S. Cushman, Edwin Booth, Winslow Homer, and Charles Dana Gibson; the religious leaders William Ellery Channing, Phillips Brooks, and Mary Baker Eddy; the scientists Louis Agassiz, Asa Gray, and William T. G. Morton; the jurists Joseph Story and Rufus Choate; the statesmen Edward Everett, Charles Sumner, Anson Burlingame, and Henry Cabot Lodge. Thirteen, or just half of these, have been elected to the American Hall of Fame. It is not surprising that Mount Auburn has often been referred to as the Westminster Abbey of America.

But it requires more than horticultural, historic, or aesthetic interest to attract the lasting favor of the public. The preservation of natural beauty and sculptured art is dependent upon a conservative management and a sound financial policy which will permit a continued high standard of care. This aspect of Mount Auburn's history is also worthy of ex-

amination and, in the last analysis, resolves itself into a race of increasing income against rising operating costs. Because so large a proportion of their income is derived from capital funds bearing a relatively fixed rate of income and from contracts to render for a specified sum in the present a continuing service for the infinite future, cemeteries are particularly vulnerable to the effects of long-time inflation.

As the future standard of upkeep will be largely dependent upon the growth of Mount Auburn's two inviolate funds — the income only of which may be expended — it will be of interest to trace their development.

In the early years of the Cemetery no provision was made for future maintenance, all lots being cared for on an annual basis at the option and expense of the Proprietors. It was not until 1843 that the Trustees voted that all sums received for the purpose of keeping lots in repair should form one fund, then called the Fund for Repairs but now known as the Trust Fund. Since 1876 the total purchase price of a lot has included the sum required to insure the perpetual care of the grass. But, unfortunately, no provision has yet been made by the owners for the maintenance of many lots bought prior to that date. This accounts for the unkempt appearance of lots owned by families who have declined to perform their obligations to their fellow proprietors. The growth of this principal source of the cemetery's income has been stimulated by successive increases in the charge per square foot for the perpetual care of the grass in the old section of the cemetery. Starting with 75 cents, the rate was increased to \$1.00 in 1875, to \$1.33 $\frac{1}{3}$ in 1899 (because of a reduction in the allowed interest rate from four to three per cent) and to \$1.83 $\frac{1}{3}$ in 1946. At the end of 1891 — the half-way mark of the Cemetery's history — the Trust Fund amounted to \$735,758, by 1921 it had reached \$2,232,103, and on December 31, 1951, it was \$3,520,870.

In 1857 the development of the cemetery had reached a stage where, in the opinion of the Trustees, it would be advisable to divert a part of the gross proceeds of lot sales to the gradual building up of a permanent fund, the income of which would be adequate to cover the cost of maintaining in perpetuity the grounds and buildings after receipts from the sale of lots shall have ceased. Accordingly, it was voted that one-fifth part of lot sales be added to the Permanent Fund until, with accumulations of interest, it should reach the sum of \$150,000. In 1875 this limit

was raised to \$500,000 and the proportion of sales to be so devoted was increased to one-third. It was then figured that this amount of principal would at *six* per cent interest yield the \$30,000 annual income estimated to be needed for the future maintenance of the corporate property. To attain this goal, we find an increase from time to time in the price for lot space. The original lots sold for \$60 — a price equivalent to 20 cents per square foot for the ten-grave lots. By 1854 the price had been increased two and one-half times to 50 cents. At the midway mark land prices had again doubled to \$1.00 per foot. Today the average price approximates \$3.50. There is this important difference, however. All of the original lots contained 300 square feet or more, whereas today the average size of lots sold is only 120 square feet. The explanation is the growing favor of cremation and the disinclination of heads of families to provide for the needs of their children and grandchildren as was once generally done. The result, of course, is to greatly prolong the time when all the lots shall have been sold — now estimated at around 2050.

Under the influence of the above price increases, the Permanent Fund had grown to \$309,380 by 1891 and to \$697,773 thirty years later. Beginning with 1933 the entire net proceeds of lot sales have been added annually. As of December 31, 1951, the fund totaled \$1,064,688, or more than double what was considered seventy-five years ago to be a liberal ultimate goal, but it is still far from the objective which will permit it to perform its intended function.

The non-restricted capital fund of the Cemetery has likewise registered a good gain over the years. Combining this with the other two funds, we find that the total investment fund aggregated \$1,054,806 at the close of 1891. By 1921 it had increased to \$3,165,945 and at the year-end its book value exceeded \$5,636,000. In view of the lower interest rates now prevailing, it is somewhat surprising that the net income from the invested funds has shown nearly as great a growth. In 1891 it amounted to \$45,415, in 1921 to \$136,048 and last year to \$231,173. In view of this better than five-fold increment in invested principal in the last sixty years and the nearly as great proportionate increase in the income therefrom, it might seem at first glance that Mount Auburn should not be faced at the present time with a serious financial problem, especially as the expansion of total operating expense has been kept down to approxi-

mately the same ratio. But due to the continuing transfer of lots from an annual care to a perpetual care basis, operating income has registered a growth of from \$54,849 to only \$95,818 since 1891, notwithstanding the important new source of income from cremations in the interim. As a consequence, total income has increased but 4.1 times in the last sixty years as compared with the like figure of over 5.1 times for operating expense. Furthermore, a comparison of the labor rates of 1891 with those of today will dramatically indicate the decline that has taken place in the standard of care.

In 1891 the average hourly labor rate at Mount Auburn was 19 cents and the typical laborer earned \$1.60 for a work-day of ten hours. Today for the corresponding year-round employees the average hourly labor rate is \$1.33 and the most numerous worker is paid \$10.37 per day for an 8½ hour day.

In the sixty-year period under consideration, labor rates have increased just seven times as contrasted with the only slightly more than four-fold gain in total income. But a shorter term comparison is even worse. Since as recently as 1938 direct labor costs have increased approximately two hundred and fifty per cent as against a gain in total income of less than fifty per cent. In order to keep expenses from getting too far out of line with income, this has necessitated a reduction in operating man-hours from over 200,000 per year before World War II to about only 131,500 in 1951. The actual deterioration in the standard of cemetery care is not, of course, quite in proportion to this falling off in man-hours, thanks to the introduction of labor-saving machinery and equipment such as power mowers, electric trimmers, load luggers, leaf collector, power digger, etc. Nonetheless, a cemetery that passed unscathed through the Civil War (concerning which no mention whatsoever was made in any of the annual reports) and World War I, now finds itself hard pressed by the creeping inflation that has followed in the wake of the last World War. The failure of our politicians, who seem to be more interested in political expediency than in our nation's welfare, to take adequate measures to balance the budget in times of prosperity or to otherwise control expenses, is most discouraging. We can only hope that an enlightened public opinion will bring about a return of sanity to our governmental and economic affairs before it is too late,

and that our cemeteries and other charitable institutions will not be sacrificed to political cowardice and stupidity. "Show me," said William E. Gladstone, "the manner in which a nation or a community cares for its dead and I will measure with mathematical exactness the tender sympathies of its people, their respect for the laws of the land, and their loyalty to high ideals."

FREDERICK HASTINGS RINDGE

By JOHN W. WOOD

Read May 25, 1952

CONSIDERING the extent of the obligation of Cambridge people to Frederick H. Rindge, and the remarkable personality he presents, it is strange that so little is known about him. Even to get the facts here presented has required considerable research and inquiry. Several City departments, especially the Public Library personnel, have been most co-operative in furnishing references and in making available certain of Mr. Rindge's books.

Here are the facts as I have been able to gather them:

The first of the Rindge family in America seems to have been one Daniel Rindge who was in Roxbury as early as 1639 and was a resident¹ of Ipswich in 1648. He must have been something of a pioneer, as Ipswich was not organized as a town until 1633. The family seems to have continued in that vicinity for some generations. An amusing side-light, to me, is the fact that in July, 1724, Daniel Rindge, a grandson of the original Daniel, was killed by the Indians. There is, of course, no humor in being scalped, but in 1726, his widow, Martha, married John Wood.

The Rindge family first appears in Cambridge in the person of Samuel Rindge (1791-1858) who was born in Ipswich and married Maria Wait of Medford. He held a position of some responsibility with the New England Glass Works, of which I shall speak later. It is with his son, Samuel Baker Rindge (1820-1885), that our story really begins, as he was the father of Frederick H. Rindge, and an extremely interesting character.

Samuel Baker Rindge was a perfect example of the single-minded, frugal, industrious New Englander who, aided by great business sagacity, made his way from small beginnings to power and affluence. He undoubtedly had a comfortable home with his father and mother and cer-

¹ New England Genealogical Society.

tainly enjoyed a careful home training, but there could have been little time for recreation. He attended the Cambridge public schools and had a year's tuition at a school in Salem, probably in business subjects. His business life began at the age of fifteen in the counting rooms of Parker and Blanchard at 4 Winthrop Square in Boston, dealers in wholesale dry goods and small wares. Here, for the sum of fifty dollars per year, he reported for duty each morning before anyone else arrived, probably before seven, secured the keys from a partner's house, lit the fires, swept and dusted, and got the place ready for business. During the day he made himself useful in all the small tasks of such an office, and after everyone else had gone home he locked up and returned the keys to the partner's house.

It is said that small as his compensation was he probably never failed during his apprenticeship to save some of his earnings for "capital." By his alertness he not only carried out his own numerous duties, but was constantly on the lookout to assist in the work of those above him and thus learn enough to be ready for any opening to advance in the business. As was inevitable with such devotion to duty, he was advanced rapidly and when only twenty-five, he was made a partner in the concern, then Parker, Wilder and Co. From this successful beginning, with his amazing energy and concentration, he branched out into many other activities in business, banking, and manufacturing. Among other activities, he was president of the Charles River National Bank.

It is interesting to note that this was the era when gold was discovered in California and when Boston ships sailed the seven seas and her clipper ships out-gained and out-sailed all competitors. True to type as a natural-born trader, Samuel would entrust small ventures to his sea-captain friends, who would make the exchange in foreign ports for products of the country. It is on record that one of his last ventures was to send popcorn to California where, as there was none to be had in that market, it sold at a good profit.

Samuel Rindge and his wife Clarissa had six children, only one of whom, Frederick, lived to maturity. It appears from the records in the City Clerk's office that three of the children, Frank, Mary, and Samuel, died of scarlet fever and it is probable that the other two met the same fate.

Frederick Hastings Rindge² was born December 21, 1857, at 55 Thorndike Street, East Cambridge. The East Cambridge of those days bore little resemblance to the East Cambridge of today. It was a pleasant little town of comfortable homes, built on a gentle hill, with the Charles and Millers Rivers forming the peninsula known as Lechmere Point, with the county buildings dominating the east end of the town and the marshes cutting off building to the west. It was a quiet little backwater, isolated from the rest of the city by its position. Its chief claim to distinction was the New England Glass Works. The work done here rivaled the product of the famous Sandwich Glass Works and is much in demand by collectors today.

The glass works attracted many families to East Cambridge, a certain proportion of them from England, where they had gained skill as glass-blowers. The glass works flourished for many years but finally moved to Ohio, where cheaper fuel and raw materials were to be found. This created a situation in East Cambridge comparable to the recent transfer of Lever Brothers to New York, and started the exodus of many of the old families to other parts of the city. In 1859 the Rindge family moved to 334 Harvard Street, into a house still standing at the corner of Dana and Harvard Streets, at about the highest point of Dana Hill.

Little can be found about Frederick's boyhood but the words of a contemporary throw some light on the Rindge home. Speaking of Samuel Rindge, he says: "Habits of economy, which in his early life he had acquired of necessity, were never entirely shaken off, but he was neither miserly nor mean. His home was adorned with valuable works of art, his summer home was spacious and costly, his living was generous."³ It is possible to envisage comfortable living combined with New England thrift. At his death, in 1883, Samuel Rindge was said to have left an estate valued at three million dollars.

There seems to be no information available of the mother, but the loss of her five children, one after another, must have greatly shadowed her life.

² The Cambridge Directory for 1857 gives the Rindge home address as 55 Thorndike Street. A careful search of the neighborhood reveals that there are at present no houses standing below No. 59, the probability being that the houses beyond Third St. were torn down when the Registry of Deeds was built. A chart of East Cambridge, drawn in 1873, shows that S. B. and D. Rindge owned a large part of the block bounded by Otis, Third, Cambridge and Second Streets.

³ *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*, January 1891.

Frederick Rindge prepared for Harvard with a tutor, a Mr. J. L. McLaughlin, entering in 1875. While a student, he evidently did not neglect the social side of college life, as he was a member of the A.D. Club, the Art Club, the Institute of 1770, the Hasty Pudding Club, and the Glee Club. Nevertheless, he was continually handicapped by poor health to such an extent that he was forced to leave college in his senior year to seek the milder climate of Florida. This terminated his college course, although he was granted a degree in 1890.

In 1879, with a classmate, he went to Colorado for a year and a half. He spent part of the time sheep ranching and traveled extensively in Colorado, New Mexico, and California, and went as far as Hawaii. In 1881 he returned to Cambridge and worked for a time at Parker, Wilder and Co., but in less than a year discovered that his health was not equal to the strain of living in the Massachusetts climate. He went back to Los Angeles within a few months. In 1883 his father died, and in 1885 his mother, leaving him the sole surviving member of the family.

Thus, at the age of twenty-nine, we find him in possession of a large fortune, a serious-minded, studious, religious man, evidently deeply impressed with a sense of the responsibility which his inherited wealth imposed upon him. He was far removed from the scenes of his youth, and already active in many ways in his adopted country. Nevertheless, he was proud of his New England heritage, and evidently felt a strong desire to be of assistance to his native city. A classmate at Harvard, who was charged with the duty of writing his life for the fiftieth anniversary report of the class of '79, makes this comment on Mr. Rindge's gifts to Cambridge:

Any one of these gifts would have been a generous benefaction in itself. But that he should join all of them together and that he should make these public gifts as a young man with every temptation to make his immediate pleasure his immediate aim; that he should do this, not as a citizen still in the midst of his fellows, but as one acting from the other side of the continent, where his lot had been permanently cast with another community, there is something exceedingly remarkable about this.

Fortunately, Mr. Rindge had one Cambridge contact in the person of William E. Russell, who had been a classmate. It was he who suggested the concrete form of the three benefactions, thus making prac-

tical the impulse which prompted Mr. Rindge to give to his native city some of the wealth he had received.

The remarkable statement sent by Mr. Rindge to Colonel Francis J. Parker, of Parker, Wilder and Co., who was Boston agent for the estate, explaining his reasons for his gifts is most illuminating. It reads in part, as follows:⁴

All blessings come from God. Under Him, the people of Cambridge will owe the Manual Training School, the Public Library building, and the new City Hall to certain virtues which my parents possessed in an honorable degree — the virtues of temperance and industry — and also to the desire of the donor to obey the new commandment given by our Lord Jesus Christ.

I am persuaded that had my father lived until now, he would have made some such gifts to Cambridge, and that I have used a portion of the wealth which he amassed in a way that would have met his cordial approval; so that it is in his stead that I have devoted so much, and in such manner, to the use and benefit of his fellow-citizens.

I regret that my father did not in his lifetime give more money for God's glory and for philanthropic purposes; and in saying this it must not be supposed that I am lacking in filial love and duty, for to my mind there are few men possessed of hearts kinder than my father's. But if he who by years of toil, through seasons of deep anxiety, accumulated a fortune, had himself expended a moiety of it in good works, the satisfaction would have been a high reward to him

My father's last illness was sudden and short; it prevented even testamental provisions such as I believe he would otherwise have made.

From what he gathered together, and what by rule of law has come from him to me, I, who had no share in the pain and labor of accumulation, may ungrudgingly, and as a duty, bestow a portion as he would have liked that I should do.

It may be asked why so much has been given to one city; why I have not distributed my gifts more widely. Cambridge was my father's and mother's home and my own birthplace. The recollections of my boyhood center about it. On what is now the Public Library common I used to play ball and climb the hawthorn for its berries, which taste good to boys. Then, too, I believe that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well and thoroughly, and that concentration increases the power for good of gifts made or work done in the fear of God

Some have marvelled at my desire to have inscriptions placed in or upon each of the buildings, and some have wondered at the nature of the inscriptions.

The attempt to make public buildings didactic is no novelty, as witness those of ancient Greece, Rome, and Egypt

I have tried to place upon these new buildings in Cambridge sentences apt to their positions and such as all Christians could approve. Each is intended

⁴*The Rindge Gifts to Cambridge.*

to assert a truth; and thus each building becomes in a sense a monument to truth, — the *veritas* of Harvard's escutcheon.

It is hoped that these didactic buildings may in some degree impress upon those who see them these several truths: —

First, that the commandments of our God are the only safe basis for education or government, and that obedience to them is needful for happiness.

Second, that the office of administering government is an honorable service.

Third, that a well-governed state or municipality implies the enforcement of its laws.

Fourth, that honest occupation is a merit, and work a blessing.

Fifth, that our youth should be instructed, not merely in things that train the mind, but also in those that will preserve and strengthen their souls and bodies.

Sixth, that purity of mind and body is required alike by the laws of Nature and the command of Nature's God.

I know that if, in early youth, I had been impressed with the importance of these lessons, I should have avoided many wrong paths, and should have been spared many sorrows. As it was, I wavered and stumbled among the fallacies of certain philosophies, and unwittingly passed by the source from which men like Milton and Dante derived their highest inspiration: — those Holy Scriptures which have been alike the treasury of the wise and the comfort of the simple in all generations of the Christian era.

Colonel Higginson, speaking of Mr. Rindge's modesty and remarkable forbearance, says: *

As a citizen who has happened to be more closely in contact with Mr. Rindge than most of those here present, — although we have never met face to face, — I wish to speak of that aspect of the occasion which would interest him least, its relation to himself. It very often happens that the good which a man does seems half an accident; the gift seems greater and more interesting than the man. It is indeed rather a drawback upon the modern American way of founding great institutions during one's life, instead of by one's last will and testament, that the donor himself sometimes remains as an encumbrance, an interference, and the community becomes a little impatient to pay tribute to all his services by an eloquent funeral inscription. I wish to say that I have never encountered any public benefactor who was so totally the opposite of all these undesirable qualities as Mr. Rindge. If his whole correspondence with myself and, I doubt not, with all members of the Citizens Committee, could be published verbatim, it would reveal as absolutely simple and straightforward a human being as I ever encountered. I cannot conceive of a man more entirely absorbed in doing good or more free from self-consciousness in the process; nor can I imagine one more reasonable, more considerate than he, although engaged in the difficult position of carrying

* *The Rindge Gifts to Cambridge.*

out his purposes through agents living at the other extremity of a continent I should say, as the result, that he is a man remarkable, not for public spirit alone, but for level-headed judgment and common sense.

I have no desire to catalogue here all of the Rindge philanthropies, but it should be added that a characteristic action was his gift of the Methodist Church building on Massachusetts Avenue. The deeply religious trend of his thought has already been established.

Of all his gifts to Cambridge, the Manual Training School claimed his greatest interest. After the building program was finished, Mr. Rindge asked the same committee who had built the City Hall and the Library to continue in charge of the school. There were four men who seem to have been most active in the beginnings of the school. Frederick H. Rindge, William E. Russell, then mayor of Cambridge, Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, one of the most distinguished citizens of Cambridge, and Harry Ellis, who undertook the work of building and organizing the school. Mr. Ellis, at the insistence of Mayor Russell, became its first superintendent.

My personal recollection of Mayor Russell is confined to the time when, as a member of the Supervisory Committee, he made an address to the boys. The man's wonderful personality, the beauty of his language, the appeal of what he said, still remain as a part of my boyish recollections, although the words which he used, and the very object of the occasion have faded from memory. The later life of William E. Russell is a part of the history of his state and nation and needs no elaboration here.

It is interesting to note that the present Rindge building, one of the finest in the country, was made possible, in 1933, through the efforts of Richard M. Russell, son of William E. Russell. Richard Russell was Mayor of Cambridge at the time a new building became necessary. This was in the middle of the great depression and it required financial genius to meet the costs of such an enterprise.

Colonel Higginson, the oldest of this group of four, was, of course, a man of national reputation, partly as a result of his writings, and partly because of his extraordinary military achievement during the Civil War, as organizer and leader of the first regiment of colored troops in that war.

The fourth member of this group, Harry Ellis, was the really active

agent in working out the plan for Mr. Rindge's school. This was a very fortunate choice. A young man, twenty-nine years old, practically without educational experience, he brought to the work enthusiasm, rare organizing ability, an interest in boys, and an aptitude for keeping Mr. Rindge interested and enthusiastic. He had been engaged in business with his father in Faneuil Hall market for some years before he became active in the school project, but he had many interests outside of business. Not only had he spent a great deal of time in the west where he gained experience and knowledge of men, but he had many interests outside the field of education, remarkable for so young a man. He undoubtedly rendered a great service to education by bringing to a successful finish a difficult experiment in the new field of industrial training. To realize just how difficult it was, one has only to consider the devotion of New Englanders to the classical tradition as featured in Van Wyck Brooks's *The Flowering of New England*. It is interesting to note, also, that this was historically the beginning of the modern period of progress in industrial and scientific expansion that has revolutionized American life. The school had only to keep pace with this cycle of expansion to remain vital to the life of the community.

Through the early years of the school, Harry Ellis was able to keep the founder's interest alive not only in its educational developments but also in the spectacular extracurricular activities that provided great interest and profit for the boys and made the school well known throughout the country. I refer to the unique fire drill, the summer camp open to all boys of the school at nominal cost, the school band, and a host of experiences for boys that were not found in the schools of the day. It is interesting to note that Mr. Rindge lists with some pride in his Harvard Class Report that he was a member of the United States Fire Chief's Association, an honor that came to him through Mr. Ellis's activities in developing the school fire drill.

Harry Ellis died in 1895 at only thirty-five years of age, a truly remarkable man. He accomplished more in his short life than any other school man I have known.

To take up again the threads of Mr. Rindge's life — while on a business trip to Michigan in 1887, he met and married Miss Rhoda May Knight. They had three children: two sons, Samuel and Frederick, and a daughter, Rhoda.

I remember very distinctly the first impression which Mr. Rindge made upon me, a boy of eighteen, when I met him in his California home. In common with the other boys of the school, I had a feeling of awe for our great benefactor, of whom we had heard much but whom we had never seen. He was then living at his ranch, Laudamus Farm, which was reached by a twelve-mile drive from Santa Monica along the beach, then wild and lonesome, now made famous by such resorts as Malibu Beach. As I remember him, he was a man of medium height, somewhat heavily built, with dark hair and piercing brown eyes. He met us with the delightfully cordial manner which was characteristic of him. In an acquaintance of several years, I never knew this genial cordiality to vary. There was about him, however, a certain dignity and force of character which were impressive. One had the impression that under the kindly exterior there was hidden a powerful personality. In his happy family life there was evident the deeply religious strain which appears frequently in all of the correspondence regarding the Rindge gifts.

The California of those days had a quiet charm and beauty which has since disappeared in the fabulous growth of population and wealth. Something of the attraction it had for Mr. Rindge and his active participation in the life of the ranch may be found in his book *California Days*.

The ill health with which Mr. Rindge was always forced to contend kept him from visiting frequently the school which, from its very beginning, claimed his loyalty and vivid interest. Everything that was done he followed through letters and photographs, but he saw the school itself in full operation only once. There is a tragic element in the thought of the big-hearted, kindly man watching always from a great distance the progress of the work he loved.

During all this time, he was meeting the expense of the school, which he continued to do until 1897, when he deeded buildings and equipment to the City of Cambridge. Considering his background, it is inconceivable that he should have met this expense from capital, along with other philanthropies which he was constantly financing in California. It seems clear that he inherited from his father a flair for business, as we find him actively engaged in many enterprises. "His mind worked along constructive lines and he fostered companies dealing with electricity, oil, artesian wells, navigation, and insurance. The Middle River Navigation

and Canal Co., in which he was interested, reclaimed about 25,000 acres of bottom lands near Stockton, California. The Artesian Water Co., which he also controlled, carried on a real estate and colonization project in the State of Sinaloa, Mexico, covering a million acres of choice land."

In short, from a business standpoint, his arrival in California was timed to coincide with the growth of the country. Such projects as interested him had, of course, varying fortunes, but there can be little doubt that through them his original estate was greatly increased.

Perhaps the most interesting venture of all was his investment in lands for his personal use. "In 1890 he purchased a ranch of 13,000 acres near Santa Monica, in the mountain canyon of Rancho Topanga Malibu, where he built a beautiful house and raised fruit, cattle, and angora goats. He named this ranch Laudamus Farm.

This original land holding was increased through the acquisition of a large old Spanish grant, increasing his holdings to about 24,000 acres, an area of some forty square miles. The influence of this acquisition on the Rindge fortunes constitutes an interesting story in itself. Both Mr. and Mrs. Rindge had dreams of the development of this beautiful area of seashore, mountain, and wilderness into a grand resort for the people of the whole world.

Mr. Rindge died suddenly in 1905 at Yreka, California, while on a business trip. He was forty-eight years old.

By this time the Rindge estate had grown to vast proportions. It included the Conservative Life Insurance Co., the Southern California Edison Co., and the Union Oil Co. In addition, there were great land development enterprises in Mexico involving a million acres of rich land, and, of course, the Rancho Malibu.

Mrs. Rindge was heiress to the entire estate and assumed formal control of the large holdings. Her chief concern, however, was with the vast acreage represented by the ranch. In fact, she subordinated all other interests to this one. Unfortunately, this large area lay in such a position that it blocked easy entrance of the Southern Pacific Railroad to rapidly growing Los Angeles, and there was a great scarcity of housing. She refused the railroad a right of way across her property and opposed any settlement on her land. In spite of her opposition, the Southern Pacific was granted a franchise only to find their victory worthless because Mrs. Rindge had built a railroad of her own in the same area. The Rail-

road Commission ruled that the building of a second line would serve no good purpose. Then the State of California fought to build a scenic highway along the shoreline — the Roosevelt Highway. There were many picturesque stories told of this era. The struggle with the Southern Pacific and the state were not the only ones. Mr. Rindge's attitude, while he lived, seems to have been a conciliatory one — not so his wife's. To quote from a Los Angeles paper:

May Rindge installed chains and locks on all ranch gates, cutting off scores of squatters in the northwest area from the one road to the public highway. They shot off the locks; she posted armed guards to see there was no recurrence of the shooting.

Charles Haskell, "an outsider," and a crew of men were sent by the county to drain a road running through the Malibu swamp. They noticed they were making no headway digging a drainage ditch. Somebody was following them, shoveling the sand back into the ditch they had just dug.

Haskell hurried back to remonstrate, only to find a revolver in the unwavering hand of May Rindge pointed at him. Behind her a workman kept filling up the ditch.

"Get off my land," ordered The Queen of the Rancho. Haskell left to obtain a court order, one of dozens obtained against May Rindge in the period 1906-1916. But even with court protection, setting foot on the soil of the Malibu was a risky procedure.

County surveyors, duly authorized to stake out a road across a portion of the rancho, finally had to hide in the brush when bullets fired at long range whistled overhead.

The squatters sought a restraining order permitting them to use the private road to Ventura, claiming they were in dire need of food and clothing.

The indomitable widow pointed out there was an alternate road, running along the beach. Those who tried to use it lost horses and wagons as the tide came in and the Pacific surf washed over this "highway."

May Rindge spent \$50,000 in 1914 trying to keep a private club from diverting Malibu mountain water into an artificial lake miles from her property. She lost after sixty-eight days in court.

In 1916, the eldest son, Samuel, joined the procession of people suing May Rindge. He charged his mother was dissipating the Rindge fortune at the rate of \$1,250,000 a year, much of it spent in legal fees and in maintaining a small army to protect the rancho.

"I need the army," the widow replied. "My cattle are disappearing, my haystacks are being fired."

This was true. Mountaineers had joined with the settlers in raiding the rancho nightly. Hand-to-hand fighting was reported regularly, with the guards invariably putting the raiders to flight.

May Rindge fought on alone. She battled for years to keep the county from building the road through the rancho, finally lost and was paid \$41,000 for the property taken for the new highway. She spent \$18,000 of the award to build a high fence along both sides of the road so the public could not turn off the highway.

On the night of June 16 more than 100 veterans stormed Rancho Malibu intending to stake out homesteads. May Rindge's guards and deputy sheriffs drove them off, and next day the Superior Court held the land grants were legal.

The rancho was quiet until 1938 when the empire collapsed under the burden of debt and a bankruptcy order was entered.

As a final exploit, Mrs. Rindge began the building of an immense castle of more than fifty rooms. Materials, especially tile, were imported from Italy to adorn the walls. One of the bathrooms was large enough to contain a tiled swimming pool. In the attempt to bring to reality her fabulous dream, no expense was spared. Before she could complete the building, into which she put over \$500,000, came bankruptcy proceedings. The building and about 140 acres of land passed into the hands of the Franciscan Fathers, who called it the "Serra Retreat for Laymen."

Mrs. Rindge died in 1941, at the age of 76 years. In filing an inventory of the estate, her daughter, Mrs. Rhoda Rindge Adamson, asserted that the only possible asset, besides \$750 in cash, was a possible interest in the reorganization of the Marblehead Land Co., which was a sort of holding company for various interests.

It is a far cry from the modest East Cambridge home where Samuel Rindge started in the cold and darkness of early morning on his walk to Boston, to the "Serra Retreat for Laymen" on the shore of the Pacific Ocean. Yet Cambridge still has the substantial heritage that was founded in wise forethought and generous public spirit.

NOTE 1.

ARCHITECTS OF RINDGE BUILDINGS.

School — Rotch & Tilden.

Library — Van Brunt & Howe.

City Hall — Longfellow, Alden & Harlow.

NOTE 2.

INSCRIPTION OVER THE DOOR OF THE CITY HALL.

God has given commandments unto men. From these commandments men have framed laws by which to be governed. It is honorable and praiseworthy to serve the people by administering these laws faithfully. If the laws are not enforced, the people are not well governed.

NOTE 3.

OBITUARY, *Cambridge Chronicle-Sun*, July, 1952.

Frederick H. Rindge, Jr., 61, son of the late Frederick H. Rindge, who was the donor of what is now Rindge Technical school (the old building was known as the Cambridge Manual Training school), and of City Hall as well, died July 9 at Santa Monica hospital, Santa Monica, Cal.

His parents went to California in 1890, and settled in the Malibou area, purchasing thousands of acres. They started the erection of a dream castle, a 54-room mansion, which was never completed and is now a monastery.

Rindge, Jr., was a retired rancher from the Stockton (Cal.) district. His home was on Latigo shore.

He leaves a wife, Helen; three sons, Frederick H., 3rd, John F. and Ronald L.; a sister, Mrs. Rhoda Adamson; and a brother, Samuel.

The funeral was held July 12, with a mass of requiem at St. Monica's church.

CAMBRIDGE, A PIONEER HOME OF ELECTRONICS

BY HAROLD B. RICHMOND *

Read October 28, 1952

AS a sort of Christmas present last year, my very good friend and a distinguished citizen of Cambridge, the late Elmer A. Noden, appeared one day in my office to inquire if I would be the next speaker at the Cambridge Club and talk on the general subject of radio. The date specified was within forty-eight hours of the time I was leaving for a business trip to Brazil and the Argentine. I accepted on the basis that I could speak informally and without the necessity of doing any extended research.

Mr. Charles L. Hanson of your Society heard this talk and on my return to Cambridge asked that I prepare a paper on the same subject for your Society. Again, I accepted but again, time made it necessary that I be relieved from making any extensive historical research. This paper, therefore, is of a popular nature, but nevertheless I feel that the data given are historically correct in spite of the fact that no bibliography is appended.

A very fine collection of radio papers assembled by Mr. George H. Clark was presented a few months ago to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology by him and by the Radio Corporation of America with whom Mr. Clark had been associated for many years. The publications of the Institute of Radio Engineers extending over the past forty years likewise contain a wealth of historical data. To one interested in the broader concepts of the history of radio, these two sources are especially recommended. I have drawn on them for part of the data I am presenting this evening.

Tonight, we are, however, particularly interested in the part Cambridge has played in the development of this interesting field; therefore,

* During World War II Dr. Richmond was chairman of Division 5 of the National Defense Research Committee, the group which looked after the development of guided missiles for the military. This was a very important assignment as it covered the direction of a very large amount of research work which proved of great value during the war and has since been the base on which the Army and Navy have built a large program.

I have chosen as my subject, "Cambridge, a Pioneer Home of Electronics." The use of electronics is simply the development of the older word wireless, later radio, and into far broader fields of activity than those confined by the limitations of point-to-point and broadcast communications. I am also guilty of using Cambridge at times in a somewhat metropolitan sense by straying across both the Charles River and the Alewife Brook.

At the turn of the century, it was neither Harvard University nor the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, then located on the right bank of the Charles, that focused early radio attention on Cambridge. It was the American Telephone and Telegraph Company whose research laboratories were then in Boston. To be sure, the philosophers of Harvard, such as the mathematician B. O. Pierce, and of M.I.T., such as the physicist Charles R. Cross, to mention but two, made very substantial contributions through fundamentals which greatly aided in getting the new work established.

In the opinion of many, of whom I am one, radio in Cambridge and the art in general stems from the work, largely here in Cambridge, of a man well known at the time but little known today: Mr. John Stone Stone. Had he been less a brilliant scholar and distinguished mathematician and more publicity minded, his name would today undoubtedly replace some of those more popularly associated with the field of electronics.

While the technical history of the communications art is replete with the great contributions of Mr. Stone, this paper is of a popular nature and only brief reference will be made to them here. Stone was, however, such a unique personality and such a distinguished gentleman that he rates high in that company of great men who have been associated with the cultural and scholastic life of Cambridge. It therefore seems appropriate to include here a bit of his personal life. For this data, I am largely indebted to a biography of Stone prepared by Mr. George H. Clark.

John Stone Stone descended from a long line of distinguished, cultured and patriotic ancestors of English stock who were among the earliest settlers of New England; in fact, Deacon Gregory Stone came from England in 1634, settling here in Cambridge. He was one of the original proprietors of Watertown. John Stone Stone's father was born in Greenfield, Massachusetts, in 1824.

His mother's family, also of the name Stone, settled in Virginia in 1640, later moving to Maryland. Her family, too, contained many distinguished personages such as the first Governor of Maryland under Lord Baltimore and also an Episcopal Bishop of Maryland.

The father of John Stone Stone, Charles Pomeroy Stone, a man whose own biography would make delightful reading, was appointed to the United States Military Academy from Massachusetts, and with a tremendously brilliant career in the Mexican and Civil wars rose to the rank of Lieutenant General. He is credited with saving President-elect Lincoln from the kidnap plot to seize him in Baltimore during his trip from Springfield, Illinois, to Washington for his inauguration. For his personal courage and leadership in battle, Stone received several distinguished citations.

It was during the Civil War that General Stone met Annie Jeannie Stone, who became his wife and then the mother of John. She was described as brilliant, beautiful and utterly fearless, as her actions in the Civil War and later in Egypt proved. She was known as a "fitting wife for a great general." It is quoted that when Henry Wadsworth Longfellow first saw her here in Cambridge, he said, "Who is that beautiful golden-haired girl? She moves like a goddess and looks like a queen!"

General Stone was stricken with typhoid fever and his health failed, making necessary his resignation from the army in 1864. For the next five years, he was engaged in engineering work in Virginia. It was there at Dover that John Stone Stone was born on September 24, 1869.

At about this time, the Khedive of Egypt approached General Sherman as General-in-Chief of the United States Army for an officer to undertake the reorganization of the Egyptian Army. General Sherman recommended General Stone as the "best American officer for the highest rank in the Egyptian Army." After some hesitation, General Stone accepted. Thus for the first fourteen years of his life, young Stone was brought up by private tutors in an atmosphere of princely surroundings. This was enhanced by the brilliance of his father's successful accomplishments, which resulted in his being promoted to the grade of Lieutenant General, Ferik Pasha, the highest rank attainable by anyone not a Prince of the Blood. A palace atmosphere could have spoiled young Stone. Instead, it brought out the best in him and he became a most brilliant scholar, advancing far beyond his years particularly in mathematical

subjects which became the basis for his future work. He also became an accomplished linguist, including classical as well as colloquial Arabic. Not alone a scholar, he became an expert horseman, learning even the wild riding of the men of the desert, and also a fine fencer.

The senior Stone died before the son had reached his eighteenth birthday. The son's formal education was continued at Columbia and Johns Hopkins Universities. During the summer before his senior year, young Stone returned to Europe where he had frequently visited during his Egyptian stay, this time, although only twenty, to assist in the exhibit of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company at the Paris Exposition. It is reported that he served not only with brilliance as an engineer, but with distinction as a diplomat. This made him a marked man to the Telephone Company so that on completion of his work at Johns Hopkins, he was very promptly installed as an engineer in their Experimental Department in Boston.

The brilliance of Stone continued in his work at the laboratories of the Bell Company. The late Mr. Hammond V. Hayes, the head of the laboratory and well known to the technical men in this area, wrote of Stone, "He was the first of my associates to show interest in the theoretical principles underlying the telephone art." Many credit Stone as truly placing the Bell Company on the track leading away from rule of thumb experimenting to fundamental analysis which eventually brought about a program of research for the company that has placed it on its present high and advanced plane of development.

In the ten-year period that Stone remained with the Bell Company in Boston, he was issued many patents covering his fundamental work in the general field of wave propagation. One application in particular has been of interest to scientists. It dealt with the theoretical explanation of circuits possessing solely resistance, or impedance, or permittance, or admittance. Stone showed the conditions which resulted in a current of a harmonically vibratory character of fixed periodicity. There seems to have been considerable time taken before the Bell Telephone Company filed the application, so that when it was received it was at once placed into interference with one previously filed by Michael I. Pupin, long-time professor at Columbia University. Long litigation followed, which took much of Stone's time. The decision was adverse to Stone, the Examiner of Interference saying, "Even if it be held that Stone had estab-

lished conception at or about the date claimed by him, he has not shown diligence in coming to the Office. Stone did not reduce to actual practice . . . Stone, therefore, cannot prevail."

It was another case where the man of research and science had placed more emphasis on the search for fundamental knowledge than on taking the necessary steps to protect by patent that which already had been obtained. It is very similar to the case where Professor Dolbear of Tufts College lost out to Alexander Graham Bell. The Telephone Company acquired the Pupin patent and because of the long time taken in the interference procedure, obtained thereby longer protection than it would have obtained had the Stone application been filed earlier and a patent issued.

Irrked by the work required in the interference case, and very eager to proceed with his high-frequency work outside the field of telephony, Stone resigned from the Bell Company in 1899 and devoted his time to his private studies and to consulting engineering. This also permitted him to accept the invitation of Professor Cross of M.I.T. to give yearly a course of lectures at M.I.T., the first of which had already been undertaken while he was still with the Telephone Company. These lectures on "Electrical Oscillations and Their Applications" were noted for their clarity and were eagerly sought after by the students.

Stone received a retainer from the Telephone Company as advisory expert in connection with patent litigation. Also his first and only client as a consulting engineer, Mr. Herman W. Ladd, soon appeared. Ladd had applied for his first wireless signaling patent in May, 1899, five months before Marconi first demonstrated his system in this country and years before there was a commercial station in operation here. Stone continued as consultant for Ladd for two years.

Intriguing as was this work with Ladd, Stone became more and more absorbed in the development of his own theories, particularly as they involved selective systems of transmission and reception as contrasted with the then impact systems. Through his patent attorney, Alexander Porter Browne, and after consulting a prominent Boston attorney, Louis D. Brandeis, who reported favorably, a few interested persons raised ten thousand dollars to enable Stone to continue his work. It was recognized that the gamble was large and the money could easily be a total loss. To formalize the unit, the Stone Wireless Telegraph

Syndicate was formed and a small experimental laboratory opened early in 1901 at 40 Lincoln Street, Boston. To assist Stone in his work, a recent Harvard graduate with considerable mathematical experience, Mr. Ernest R. Cram, was engaged. After about a year of work, field tests were desired, and here Cambridge enters the picture. Two tarpaper huts with forty-foot poles for the antennae were erected on the marshland beside the Charles River. One hut was placed about one eighth of a mile either side of Massachusetts Avenue. These field tests proved so successful that further expansion seemed in order.

A new company was formed which on February 2, 1903, absorbed the old Syndicate. This new company was called the Stone Telegraph and Telephone Company — note the emphasis on telegraph. It was capitalized for ten million dollars of which seven hundred dollars was cash. Soon additional funds were subscribed by friends, but cash never became a burden to the company. It was, however, the owner of Stone patents which were both numerous and valuable.

In March, 1903, the pole at the west shack was replaced by a Navy-type 180-foot wooden mast. More research assistance was needed and George H. Clark, to whom I am so heavily indebted for data regarding Stone, was engaged following his graduation from M.I.T. in June, 1903. Lincoln Street, Boston, had been abandoned in favor of a laboratory and shop at 18 Western Avenue, Cambridge. Mr. Stone himself became a resident of Riverbank Court, now the Graduate House of M.I.T.

From here on, the Stone Company expanded rapidly. In 1905, it had installed stations at the Boston and Portsmouth Navy Yards replacing the less satisfactory sets which required a relay station on Thatcher's Island. This success started a veritable flood of Navy orders, and stations were installed in considerable numbers both on ships and ashore. But this period was not without competition and patent difficulties. Years later, in a case appealed to the Supreme Court, the Chief Justice summed up the case well when he wrote: "Stone's application shows an intimate understanding of the mathematical and physical principles underlying radio communication." There can be no doubt that in the early history of radio in America, Stone was the outstanding authority.

With the brilliant success that the Stone Company had achieved both in its rapid advances in the technical field and in its sale of equipment, why did it close? Let George Clark himself tell the story:

For eight years, Stone had labored, and had built up a perfect system of wireless telegraphy. No other could compare to it. His transmitter, his receiver, were the most perfect in America. He had met every requirement, every test of the U. S. Navy and had come out first in every way. He had every reason to feel that the U. S. Navy would award the Stone Company large contracts, which would have made it possible for the company to obtain further capital in an honorable and conservative manner; and give him time to develop the "quenched gap" which he had discovered but had had no time to work on — but the Navy did not. A German engineer named Seibt brought to American shores his "quenched gap" system. The U. S. Navy, greatest user of wireless at that time, adopted it at once; and the hopes of the Stone Company were obliterated. It did not have the capital to carry on.

This same type of story exists today. Contract after contract for electronic equipment is still let to the lowest bidder, regardless of competence, who does not even have to post a performance bond. Not long ago, a contract was let to a new bidder at one seventh the price the company with which I am associated had bid. We were thoroughly familiar with the equipment and for many years had been bidding competitively and quite successfully on this same class of equipment. Fortunately, we are not dependent, as was the Stone Company, on these whims of our government. As yet, the government has not obtained its material on this particular contract.

Stone received many high honors during his lifetime, such as medals from learned societies, the Presidency of the Institute of Radio Engineers, and membership in distinguished and learned organizations. During his lifetime, he was granted approximately 135 patents. From 1920 to 1935, he was retained again by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company as Engineer at Large. His failing health made it necessary for him to seek a warm climate, so that San Diego, California, became his home from 1919 until his death in 1943. He was a gentleman and a scholar, the association with whom Cambridge may well be proud of.

The first decade of this century was a period of rapid advance in the infant field of wireless and its associate field of high frequency. It was only natural, therefore, that three persons who were interested in these developments and who had met in connection with some work for Earle Ovington, an aviation pioneer from Greater Boston, should give thought to establishing their own manufacturing company to enter the high-frequency field. Messrs. J. Emory Clapp, W. O. Eddy, who was a

classmate of George Clark at M.I.T., and Melville Eastham, a recent arrival from Portland, Oregon, did just this and organized the firm of Clapp, Eddy, Eastham Company, which established itself on Boylston Street, Boston, opposite the Boston and Albany Railroad yards. Within a year, Eddy withdrew from the company and the firm name was changed to the Clapp-Eastham Company.

The business prospered and more space was required. At about the same time, the Stone Company had received its severe jolt from the Navy and decided to liquidate. The Clapp-Eastham Company had been doing some manufacturing for the Stone Company, was familiar with the Stone space, and considered it quite adapted to its own needs. Arrangements were soon made for the Clapp-Eastham Company to leave Boston and occupy 18 Western Avenue, Cambridge, thus becoming another Cambridge industry. In addition to taking over the Stone space, much of its tool equipment was also acquired. Later, when more expansion was required, a second move was made to 139 Main Street, which became the address of that Company for many years, in fact, until it was later absorbed by other interests and moved out of the state. Many persons will recall in the early twenties the trade name, Radak, under which the Clapp-Eastham Company sold its broadcast receiving radio sets. Although Mr. Clapp left the company just before the move to Cambridge, his place being taken by O. Kerro Luscomb, and Mr. Eastham withdrew in 1917, as will be recorded later, the name of the company remained unchanged. Many old-time radio men still cherish the memories of Clapp-Eastham of Cambridge with its fine line of commercial and experimental transmitting and receiving equipment.

We have just seen how the Stone Company was the pioneer radio manufacturer here in Cambridge and how through its demise it brought to Cambridge the Clapp-Eastham Company. For the next few moments, let us review the history of a company born here in Cambridge and which still remains with us. As far as it has been able to ascertain, it is now the oldest company in the United States organized solely for the purpose of radio manufacturing which still retains that purpose and which also still retains its original name and management except as the hand of time inevitably has moved forward. It is the General Radio Company.

As the Clapp-Eastham Company continued to develop, its high-frequency activities decreased and soon its work lay solely in the field of

wireless — or radio as it was beginning to be called. One great factor which was retarding the high-frequency research field was the lack of instruments which would make possible accurate measurements at these frequencies. Stone had been obliged to develop his own standards. More work in instrumentation had already been done in Europe than in this country. Lord Kelvin had said that until one could assign numbers to a quantity, one knew little about it. One of the first truly radio instruments made in this country was the famous Kolster decremeter, introduced in 1912. Frederick Kolster, its inventor, had been a former Stone employee. Later, his brother, Charles Kolster, was for many years a federal radio inspector with headquarters in Boston.

This lack of high-frequency instruments had been pounding in the mind of Melville Eastham. His mind had also been busy thinking about the rapid development of the quenched-gap type of transmitter on which he had applied for patents which he later obtained. Radio was a new art and very few of its patents had been adjudicated. Where did the quenched-spark type of transmitter stand? Was there really a field in the United States for radio instrumentation? Eastham was interested in finding out. Luscomb did not want the Clapp-Eastham Company to be put in possible jeopardy. The solution was to form a new company to explore these fields. The principal capital of the new company would be supplied by Eastham and Luscomb. Thus, the General Radio Company was formed on June 14, 1915. A separate shop was established at 11 Windsor Street where Eastham soon found that he was devoting all of his time while Luscomb was devoting his time to the Clapp-Eastham Company.

Two years later found this country engaged in World War I. The philosophies of Eastham and Luscomb differed sufficiently in the amount the companies should participate, so that it seemed best for Eastham to dispose of his interest in the Clapp-Eastham Company and for Luscomb to dispose of his interest in General Radio, which company then became heavily engaged in war work for the armed services. For this work, a military citation was received.

At the close of the war, return was made to the broad field of instrumentation. There have since been many tempting openings to depart from that field, such as the manufacture of radio and television sets, to say nothing of special military communication equipment, but the com-

pany has remained steadfast to its original purpose. This, however, did not prevent it from receiving five "E" Awards during World War II.

While other radio companies have grown by leaps and bounds, and while some have fallen by the wayside, General Radio has continued to limit its activities to the broad field of communications instrumentation, which in turn may explain why its annual sales have reached only about ten million dollars while the annual volumes of some newer radio companies have climbed to ten or more times this amount.

This has also, until this year, made it possible for the company to conduct its activities entirely in Cambridge. Were manufacturing space its only problem, all activities would still be conducted here in Cambridge.

The development and manufacture of technical equipment requires both highly trained technical and skilled manufacturing personnel. Such personnel usually drive to and from work in automobiles. Finding off-street parking space for these vehicles has been a very serious problem, but it is not all. Leaving these parking spaces at the end of the day is truly a major feat. It is not unusual, particularly in the wintertime, for nearly one half hour to be required to cross the Charles River at the close of the working day. Skilled employees who are in great demand tend to migrate to places more easily accessible. Because of this, the Company has acquired an eighty-acre tract in Concord on the turnpike and is now operating a 72,000 square foot, newly-erected plant there. This is purely an addition and it is to be hoped that our headquarters will continue to remain, as it has for over thirty-seven years, right here in Cambridge.

Any reference to the history of radio, either nationally or here in Cambridge, must include the Raytheon Manufacturing Company. Development work had been done by Dr. Vannevar Bush and Dr. C. G. Smith at Amrad (American Research and Development Corporation) in Medford Hillside on a new type of rectifier tube. Patents were applied for, principally by Smith, and assigned to Amrad. Later, these patents became an important asset of what remained in the liquidation of Amrad.

There was formed in Kendall Square, Cambridge, in 1922, a company known as the American Appliance Company, which was working on thermostatic equipment of Mr. J. A. Spencer. Dr. Bush also became associated with this company. After Amrad experienced financial diffi-

culties the American Appliance Company ultimately purchased the Smith tube patents.

The Smith patents covering the new type of rectifier tube which did not require any heating filament was one of the early contributions the company made to the electronics field. The use of two cathodes in this tube made full-wave, instead of the customary half-wave, rectification possible, thus materially reducing the hum in the early types of radio sets. It should be recalled that at this period radio receivers were operated by batteries, which were inconvenient and required frequent renewing. Rectifier tubes were an important step in the process of making radio receivers operatable directly from the electric lighting circuits. Other types of tubes were made and new products added. This expansion required the company to seek a new location and a plant was found in Newton; thus, Cambridge lost another of its children. Today, the company has plants in several cities of Massachusetts and is reported to have an annual volume of business of nearly \$200,000,000.

The new rectifier tube, then known as the S-tube, was so popular that it became desirable to give both the company and the tube a distinctive name. The word Raytheon was chosen. In 1925, the tube business was separated in a new company called Raytheon, Inc. There was also formed, in 1927, another associated company known as the Raytheon Manufacturing Company, which acquired part of the stock of the American Appliance Company. Then finally, in 1928, Raytheon, Inc. and the remaining interest of the American Appliance Company were consolidated in the one company, Raytheon Manufacturing Company.

As the years passed, Raytheon absorbed other companies, such as the Submarine Signal Company of Boston. One of these companies is of interest to Cantabrigians. At the end of World War I, an employee of General Radio, Ashley C. Zwicker, decided to leave and form his own manufacturing company to specialize in transformer manufacturing. He was assisted by Claude Cairns of the Submarine Signal Company. The company was named the Acme Apparatus Company and its home was first on Windsor Street and later on Osborne Street. The company was very successful during the days of home receiver building, but in the slump which subsequently followed, the failure of several receiver manufacturing companies to whom Acme had sold transformers caused the liquidation of Acme. Out of it, however, in 1930, grew a new company,

the Delta Manufacturing Company. Its principals were G. E. M. Bertram, also a former employee of Submarine Signal, who liquidated the defunct Acme Company, and Dr. Frederick S. Dellenbaugh, formerly of the staff of M.I.T. In 1933, the Delta Manufacturing Company was acquired by Raytheon and moved from Cambridge to Waltham. Bertram continued with Raytheon and today heads the Special Products Division, which is an outgrowth of the old Delta Company.

Another very early Cambridge wireless manufacturing company was the Cutting and Washington Company, which started in the Cambridgeport section before World War I. It made considerable military equipment but later in the days of home receivers was combined with Colonial Radio and has not been a Cambridge resident for many years.

Starting before World War I and continuing for nearly twenty years, Cambridge was the home of the National Company. Expansion also caused it to leave Cambridge. Its home became, as it is now, Malden, while a second plant is maintained in Melrose. The company has been a pioneer specialist in amateur radio equipment as well as an important supplier to the armed services.

Associated with Harvard and M.I.T. in the period from the turn of the century to World War II were many names familiar to early radio men. In mentioning just a few, there should be included Professor George W. Pierce, who in the very early days organized the Massachusetts Wireless Equipment Company but who will be best remembered for his work in the field of piezo-electric crystals. There also were Professors E. Leon Chaffee and Arthur E. Kennelly, Sewall Cabot, V. Ford Greaves, Doctors Harvey Hayes, Lewis Hull, Stuart Ballantine, and Ellison S. Purington, as well as Messrs. Browning and Drake of circuit fame by that name.

Although his work was carried on largely on the opposite side of Alewife Brook from Cambridge, no work pertaining to radio in this area should omit reference to Professor Amos E. Dolbear of Tufts College. There are many who still credit the invention of the telephone to him in spite of the adverse patent decision and other data pertinent to the early work in this field. Through the courtesy of his son, Benjamin L. Dolbear, I have just had the pleasure of reading Professor Dolbear's personal account of the telephone development three quarters of a century ago. The associated development work of Dolbear in the field

of instrumentation clearly shows his understanding of the subject. His lack of financial means, of the importance of prompt disclosure, and of understanding of the patent art may have cost him a fortune and fame.

It is radio, however, rather than telephony with which we are dealing. In 1882, Dolbear, while following his telephone development work, actually set up a spark transmitter with aerial and ground, working over distances of about a mile. It was strictly of the untuned type which Stone later improved through his tuned circuits. Dolbear also experimented with a kite aerial. His use of added capacitance in the antenna long preceded even experimental practice.

Professor Dolbear received a small amount of financing from two gentlemen to whom the development of new devices was assigned. They were not interested in this new radio communications development and it remained idle for about ten years. In 1892, Dolbear asked for a release under the 1879 financing agreement, but it was not given. One of the financiers had died and the other felt that he did not have sufficient financial means himself to advance more funds. Dolbear had no means of his own to work aggressively on this problem, so again there was lost to Dolbear fame and perhaps fortune.

At the same College Hill on which Dolbear worked, Harold J. Power, Tufts '14, carried on his wireless work under the name of Amrad. Dr. Vannevar Bush was his chief engineer. Through lack of administrative experience, this company after brief fame ceased operations. What remained was absorbed by another company and moved to Indiana.

Newercomers in the field of radio in Cambridge include such companies as Harvey Radio, Hermon Hosmer Scott and Krohn-Hite Instrument Company. But more important is the great extension of the field of electronics such as computers, geophysics, guided missiles, automatic gun laying especially for aircraft and anti-aircraft use. The majority of this work has centered around special projects at Harvard and M.I.T. Companies engaged in the field of radioactivity have not been included in this summary. The Sanborn Company, however, which has had its home in Cambridge since 1924 started in Boston in 1917 in the field of medical apparatus, but today its greatest volume is in electronic equipment in spite of its ever-expanding medical field. Thus perhaps some of those now in the field of radioactivity may some day become large suppliers of electronic equipment.

The places of Harvard and M.I.T. in World War II in the field of electronics will forever be a credit to Cambridge. Nor was their activity limited to this field. Tremendous contributions in the very broad fields of technology were made by these institutions, and in this service to our country their respective presidents played stellar roles. Large numbers of the staffs of these two colleges contributed far beyond any ordinary call to duty.

In this paper, I have tried to impress upon you the truly great place Cambridge has played in the field of electronics from its very inception to the present time. In making frequent mention of the companies which have left Cambridge, I do not want to imply that Cambridge has been hostile to them, but rather that it is a mature city rather fully occupied by its homes, manufacturing companies, and educational institutions. Like the mother who sees her sons grow up and leave for wider fields, so has Cambridge been an ideal protector of young companies, but with the same heartache as the mother experiences with her departing sons, so has Cambridge been forced to bid some of hers a fond farewell.

A TRIBUTE TO SAMUEL ATKINS ELIOT

By LOIS LILLEY HOWE

Read January 30, 1951

THE Reverend Samuel Atkins Eliot was born here in Cambridge in 1862. He was graduated from Harvard College in 1884 and after three years of attendance at the Divinity School, received the degree of A.M. in 1889. He was granted an honorary S.T.D. in 1925.

After holding pastorates in Denver, Colorado, and in Brooklyn, New York, he returned to Boston in 1898 to be Secretary and later President of the American Unitarian Association. In this position he showed great initiative as well as exceptional financial and organizing ability. When he resigned after twenty-seven years' service, he left the Association far stronger in financial resources and in the equipment of a fine new building and far more efficient in its service to the Unitarian churches than it had even been before.

In 1927 he returned with enthusiasm to the exercise of his chosen profession, that of the ministry. He became minister, later minister-emeritus of the Arlington Street Church in Boston. There he won the affectionate admiration of the members of what he termed the church he "had the honor to serve."

In spite of his many associations with Boston, he will always be identified with Cambridge, the city of his birth. Here he spent the greater part of his life. Here was the background of his extremely happy marriage, lasting more than sixty years and with seven children and many grandchildren and great grandchildren to "rise up and call him blessed."

He not only took his part in many civic groups in Boston and in Cambridge, but he was a member of an enormous number of important national and international organizations. He was no superficial "joiner," satisfied with paying an annual fee, but an interested working member, traveling far and wide to gain and give information, help, and counsel wherever they were needed.

None of these organizations will miss him more personally than this Society, which he joined in its first year, 1905. In 1911 he became a member of the Council and in 1934, a Vice-President.

Our members will always remember the papers he read, in which the interest of his information was enhanced by his distinguished and dignified presence, his beautiful voice, and his subtle and delightful humor. Within recent years he had given us recollections of his boyhood and of the remarkable group of scholars gathered by his father into the Harvard faculty; he revealed his many connections with the Oregon territory in a paper on Nat Wyeth; he gave us a glimpse of his deep love of music in his talk on "Musical Memories of Cambridge"; and he showed his charming sense of fun in "Information Please," a quiz on Cambridge history at Mrs. Tudor's in 1939.

The Council, at whose meetings he was a constant attendant, will miss his wise and precious advice and his genial and entertaining companionship. To us he could never seem old. It does not seem possible that when he died on October 15, 1950, he was in his eighty-ninth year.

Thus we shall always remember him — serene, urbane, dignified, yet forever youthful in spirit and friendliness.

ANNUAL REPORTS

REPORT OF THE COUNCIL AND THE SECRETARY FOR THE YEAR 1950

DURING the year 1950 the Council held four meetings. At these the discussion was mainly concerned with arrangements for meetings of the Society and with the election of new members.

The Society has met four times during the year — on January 25, April 25, May 25, and October 24. At the first meeting Miss Lois Lilley Howe read a paper on "Cambridge Trees," illustrated with beautiful and unusual lantern slides; at the second, Miss Katherine F. Crothers gave us a selection from family papers relating to her father's youth; at the third, Dr. Jerome D. Greene read anecdotal reminiscences of President Eliot; and at the fourth Mr. Charles F. Whiting traced the historical associations between Cambridge and Charlestown, a talk which incidentally had the result of sending at least two of our members across the city line to visit that long-neglected portion of Boston.

It is to be observed that each of these speakers told us about some element of Cambridge life in which he had a personal interest, and he spoke as one citizen to a group of neighbors, not — as I have said in another Report — not as a Ph.D. candidate delivering a documented thesis on a recondite subject.

These titles are good examples of the kind of paper that has become traditional with us and the kind that might well be contributed by very many others of our members. What we need just now is four or five members who will seize this opportunity to round out and define their interest in some aspect of Cambridge history and who will undertake to present the results of their investigations to us at one of the meetings in 1952. The Program Committee, of which Mrs. Saunderson is chairman, will be glad to receive suggestions of topics — in fact, to furnish

such suggestions if need be — and to give all necessary encouragement and editorial assistance.

Let us now turn to the related question that always occupies much of the Council's attention, the matter of entertainment. In 1950 Mr. and Mrs. Alva Morrison were our hosts at the Faculty Club in January; Miss Howe, Mr. and Mrs. Hobart, and Mr. and Mrs. Boland at the Hotel Commander in April; Mrs. Arthur L. Jackson at her home on Brattle Street in May; and Miss Rosamond Coolidge and Dr. and Mrs. Durant at the Faculty Club in October. For reasons we need not now go into, the opportunities for entertaining in private houses are growing fewer every year; but that does not mean that we are limited to the use of the Faculty Club, pleasant though it is in every way. It is a long time, for instance, since we have met at the parish house of the Congregational Church, the parish house of Christ Church, or the Boat Club. And again, for the reasons we are not now discussing, it is increasingly difficult for one person to manage the expense of an evening's entertainment. The answer to this situation may be illustrated by the arrangement we have made for our meeting next April, when a group of five ladies will be hostesses. The Program Committee will be glad to have offers from other members for the four gatherings to be held in 1952.

With regard to both papers and meetings, however, there is one caution: there must be some allowance for changes of plan and for adjustments that are inevitable where we cannot possibly fix a rigid program.

During the year we have regretfully accepted the resignations of Mr. Stewart Mitchell, Dr. and Mrs. W. S. Whittemore, Professor and Mrs. C. O. Ruggles, and Mr. and Mrs. Pinckney Holbrook. Dr. and Mrs. F. Chester Durant have been transferred from active to associate membership because of their removal to Maine.

Eleven members have died: Elizabeth Chadwick Beale, Josephine Freeman Bumstead, George Herbert Bunton, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow Dana, Mary Deane Dexter, Samuel Atkins Eliot, Virginia Tanner Green, Mabel Augusta Jones, Albert Perley Norris, John Cornelius Runkle, and Alice Maud White. All these members were active in the affairs of this Society, contributing papers and entertaining us many times; we cherish them in warm and grateful memory. All of them had been members for over twenty years.

In this connection it may be appropriate to call your attention to the fact that the last of our original incorporators, or charter members, was Frank Gaylord Cook, who died in 1948. Of those who became members during 1905, our first year, five are happily still with us — Miss Marion S. Abbot, Mrs. Justine F. Kershaw, Mrs. Mary Woolson Paine, Miss Martha Sever, and Mrs. Olive Swan Williams. At least six others are still living though no longer members. To them all we extend our heartiest felicitations.

At the other end of the time scale our new members are Mrs. Frederick C. Langenberg, Miss Mary C. Hardy, Mrs. Ingeborg B. Frick, Mr. and Mrs. William A. Shurcliff, Mr. and Mrs. T. North Whitehead, Dr. G. Howard Maynadier, Mr. Pierre Belliveau, Mrs. Harold W. Read, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley B. Parker, Mr. Peter E. Pratt, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Beatley, and Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Romer.

On December 31, 1950 we had 200 active members, 7 associate members, and 4 life members.

Respectfully submitted,
DAVID T. POTTINGER
Secretary

REPORT OF THE COUNCIL AND THE SECRETARY FOR THE YEAR 1951

AFTER I had made my Annual Report last year, one of our members politely chided me for twice using a phrase which he thought should have been expanded to a more inclusive discussion. In connection with the matter of entertainment at our meetings I said that securing private houses and managing the expenses were increasingly difficult "for reasons we need not now go into." This year — whether in sheer honesty or in sheer desperation, I will not say — I shall give you these reasons. In terms which I know will still be intelligible to you who have been brought up in the classical tradition, we have been faced for some time with what Vergil called "angusta res domi"; or, in blunt English, poverty. There are only five or six houses in Cambridge belonging to our members that are large enough to take care of a meeting of this Society. None of those members, I venture to say, now maintains a staff of two or three servants. On the other hand, the cost of the October 1951 meeting at the Faculty Club was more than twice the cost of the October 1950 meeting at the same place, although about the same number was present on both occasions. For more than two years we have had at least a hundred members at each meeting — a sign of successful management, I hope you will agree, but perhaps an indication of the embarrassments that often accompany success.

With all due respect to our eminent predecessors I must contrast this situation with the one that faced the Society in 1915. To counteract a great decrease in attendance at that time, Miss Alice Longfellow offered to open Craigie House for the January meeting and to serve refreshments at the end of the evening. Just over twenty five members enjoyed that occasion. Seven years later, that is, thirty years ago, on January 24, 1922, we met at Professor Hurlbut's house on Quincy Street, and forty were present. At each of the next two meetings there were fifty.

I need not labor the point even by the gentle method of letting you peep for a moment into the golden past. Every one of you is well aware of the situation. The Council is attempting to meet it, at least for the year 1952, by direct action. For the four meetings of this year, at any rate, the Society itself will pay all the costs of each meeting, and we shall keep within a budget in harmony with our corporate income. To save what we can, however, of the amenities of a more spacious day,

there will be a committee of three hostesses for each meeting. One of these will, for the sake of continuity, represent the Council, a second will be chosen from the members of long standing, and the third will be one of the more recent members.

Time alone can tell whether this is the right path to follow, but we hope you will recognize it as an honest attempt to deal realistically with a major difficulty.

Having just referred to the occasional embarrassments of success, I must report another. Our constitution limits our active membership to 225. By the beginning of the year we had gradually dropped to 200. Even though an increase in dues brought no resignations on this account, it was evident that we needed a rather new approach to the problem of membership. Far be it from me to call this approach advertising. We merely adapted certain wellknown business methods to a very delicate matter. We prepared what we thought a dignified and yet truthful statement of the background and aims of the Society, and we sent it with a letter of invitation to a comparatively small list of possible members. We should have had about twenty-five acceptances, just enough to fill our ranks. We got fifty-seven acceptances! Since many of those who were unable to join wrote in flattering appreciation of the invitation, we can only imagine that the few who paid no attention were completely overwhelmed by the honor we attempted to thrust upon them. Fourteen others were elected upon nomination by regular members. The total of new members is seventy-one. Although we turn a blind eye to the appropriate clause in the constitution, our limit is now reached and any new proposals must take their place on the waiting list. To our new members we give a hearty welcome, with the hope that all of you, like a great many of the rest of us, may find yourselves happy members of this organization after ten or twenty-five or even forty-five years.

We have had ten resignations, most of them due to illness or to removal from the city. There were six deaths — Dr. F. Chester Durant, Mrs. Roger Gilman, Mr. George M. Hersey, Mrs. Francis S. Kershaw, Mrs. Robert deW. Sampson, and Mrs. J. Bertram Williams.

The total membership on January 19, 1952 was 253 active members, 9 associate members, and 4 life members.

The papers read during 1951 have been unusually interesting. In January, Professor Coolidge gave us reminiscences of the life and per-

sonality of President Lowell; in April, President Killian of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology gave an account of the new and amazing developments at his great university; in June, Miss Helen I. Tetlow charmed us with her account of Dana Hill and other places *in partibus infidelium*; and in October, Charles Lane Hanson re-created for us the life of a student at Exeter and Harvard in the 1880's and 1890's. To all these speakers we are most grateful, and I would add a special word of thanks for all of us to Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge, Mrs. Glover M. Allen, Miss Martha T. Brown, Miss Elizabeth B. Piper, Mrs. Mary P. Sayward, Miss Constance B. Williston, Mr. and Mrs. Sharples, Mr. and Mrs. Clapp, and Miss Penelope B. Noyes who by their generous hospitality carried on a friendly tradition.

To look for a moment into the future, I am happy to report that the prospects for papers are unusually good. Mr. Ludlow Griscom has promised to tell us of the birds of Cambridge; Mr. Oakes Ames has practically finished an account of Mount Auburn that is full of little-known lore; Mr. Wood is working on a sketch of the life of Frederick Rindge, that munificent but almost forgotten benefactor of Cambridge; Professor Pond is preparing a survey of the development of the Charles River Basin; and there are two or three other possibilities that promise stimulating material.

Self-congratulation is never advisable; but on this evening when we are privately taking account of our stock, it does seem as though we could be thankful for our inherently sound position.

Respectfully submitted,

DAVID T. POTTINGER

Secretary

REPORT OF THE TREASURER FOR THE YEAR 1950

Cash on hand January 1, 1950	\$ 812.26
Dues and Initiation Fees	616.00
Sale of Proceedings	12.00
	<hr/>
	\$1,440.26
 Printing and Stationery	 \$ 99.81
Clerical Services and Postage	123.90
Allowance to Hostesses	100.00
Over-payment of Dues	1.00
Chairs for Meetings	7.50
Bay State Historical League	4.00
Vault Rental	9.00
Bank Service Charge	2.43
Proceedings 1946-47-48	771.60
	<hr/>
	1,119.24
	<hr/>
Cash on hand December 31, 1950	\$ 321.02

Maria Bowen Fund

<i>Investments</i>	<i>Cost</i>	<i>Book Value 1/1/50</i>	<i>Cash Income Received 1950</i>	<i>Book Value 12/31/50</i>	<i>Account to which Income was Credited</i>
75 shs. 1st Nat'l Bank (Boston)	\$ 3,165.63	\$ 3,165.63	\$ 168.75	\$ 3,165.63	Camb. Sav. Bank
50 shs. State St. Tr. Co. (Boston)	2,920.00	2,920.00	125.00	2,920.00	Camb. Sav. Bank
10 shs. Merchants Nat'l Bank	3,290.00	3,290.00	120.00	3,290.00	Camb. Sav. Bank
25 shs. 2nd Nat'l Bank (Boston)	3,125.00	3,125.00	100.00	3,125.00	Camb. Sav. Bank
Camb. Sav. Bank	2,241.32	5,414.95	164.35	6,093.05	Camb. Sav. Bank
Camb'p't Sav. Bank	1,500.00	1,884.77	52.17	1,936.94	Camb'p't Sav. Bank
E. Camb. Sav. Bank	1,500.00	1,905.10	43.09	1,948.19	E. Camb. Sav. Bank
	<u>\$17,741.95</u>	<u>\$21,705.45</u>	<u>\$773.36</u>	<u>\$22,478.81</u>	

George G. Wright Fund

	<i>Date a/c Opened</i>	<i>Bal. When Opened</i>	<i>Bal. 1/1/50</i>	<i>Int. Rec.</i>	<i>Bal. 12/31/50</i>
Cambridge Savings Bank	1/29/38	\$ 200.00	\$ 262.77	\$ 7.93	\$ 270.70

Life Membership Fund

Cambridge Savings Bank	1/10/34	\$ 760.22	\$ 1,068.62	\$ 32.28	\$ 1,100.90
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Historic Houses

Cambridge Savings Bank	5/ 3/40	\$2,149.82	\$3,302.52	\$ 99.79	\$3,402.31
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Elizabeth E. Dana Bequest

Cambridge Trust Company	2/ 7/40	\$ 60.00	\$ 226.14	\$ 2.27	\$ 228.41
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Frank Gaylord Cook Bequest

Cambridge Savings Bank	5/16/49	\$1,006.67	\$1,008.77	\$ 30.47	\$1,039.24
		<u>\$4,176.71</u>	<u>\$5,868.82</u>	<u>\$172.74</u>	<u>\$6,041.56</u>

Book Value of All Funds 12/31/50 — \$28,520.37
Total Income — \$946.10

JOHN T. G. NICHOLS, *Treasurer.*

REPORT OF THE TREASURER FOR THE YEAR 1951

Cash on hand January 1, 1951	\$ 321.02
Dues	1,090.00
Sale of Proceedings	7.50
George G. Wright Fund plus accrued interest	277.51
Bowen Fund	<u>553.25</u>
	\$2,249.28
Printing and Stationery	\$ 105.00
Clerical Services and Postage	138.66
Allowance to Hostesses	130.00
Over-payment of Dues	2.00
Chairs for Meetings	19.50
Bay State Historical League	4.00
Vault Rental	9.00
Bank Service Charge	2.70
Bought 13 shs. First National Bank for Bowen Fund ..	553.25
Return of George G. Wright Bequest plus accrued interest	<u>277.51</u>
	<u>1,241.62</u>
Cash on hand December 31, 1951	\$1,007.66

Maria Bowen Fund

<i>Investments</i>	<i>Cost</i>	<i>Book Value 1/1/51</i>	<i>Cash Income Received 1951</i>	<i>Purchases and Withdrawals</i>	<i>Book Value 12/31/51</i>	<i>Account to which Income was Credited</i>
75 shs. 1st Nat'l Bank (Boston)	\$ 3,165.63	\$ 3,165.63	\$ 168.75	\$ 553.25 *	\$ 3,718.88	Camb. Sav. Bank
50 shs. State St. Tr. Co. (Boston)	2,920.00	2,920.00	125.00		2,920.00	Camb. Sav. Bank
10 shs. Merchants Nat'l Bank	3,290.00	3,290.00	120.00		3,290.00	Camb. Sav. Bank
25 shs. 2nd Nat'l Bank (Boston)	3,125.00	3,125.00	112.50		3,125.00	Camb. Sav. Bank
Camb. Sav. Bank	2,241.32	6,093.05	154.09	\$ 553.25	6,220.14	Camb. Sav. Bank
Camb'p't Sav. Bank	1,500.00	1,936.94	53.60		1,990.54	Camb'p't Sav. Bank
E. Camb. Sav. Bank	1,500.00	1,948.19	44.07		1,992.26	E. Camb. Sav. Bank
	<u>\$ 17,741.95</u>	<u>\$ 22,478.81</u>	<u>\$ 778.01</u>	<u>\$ 0.00</u>	<u>\$ 23,256.82</u>	

George G. Wright Fund

	<i>Date a/c Opened</i>	<i>Bal. When Opened</i>	<i>Bal. 1/1/51</i>	<i>Int. Rec.</i>	<i>Withdrawn Bal. 12/31/51</i>
Cambridge Savings Bank	1/29/38	\$ 200.00	\$ 270.70	\$ 6.81	\$ 277.51 \$ 0.00
Cambridge Savings Bank	1/10/34	\$ 760.22	\$ 1,100.90	\$ 27.68	\$ 1,128.58

Life Membership Fund

Historic Houses

Cambridge Savings Bank	5/ 3/40	\$ 2,149.82	\$ 3,402.31	\$ 85.58	\$ 3,487.89
Cambridge Trust Company	2/ 7/40	\$ 60.00	\$ 228.41	\$ 2.29	\$ 230.70

Elizabeth E. Dana Bequest

Frank Gaylord Cook Bequest

Cambridge Savings Bank	5/16/49	\$ 1,006.67	\$ 1,039.24	\$ 26.14	\$ 1,065.38
		<u>\$ 4,176.71</u>	<u>\$ 6,041.56</u>	<u>\$ 148.50</u>	<u>\$ 277.51</u>
					<u>\$ 5,912.55</u>

Book Value of All Funds 12/31/51 — \$29,169.37
Total Income — \$926.51

JOHN T. G. NICHOLS, *Treasurer*

* Purchased 13 shs. 1st Nat'l Bank Stock.

LIST OF MEMBERS, 1949, 1950, 1951, 1952

Marion Stanley Abbot
Lilian Abbott
Sarah Cushing (Mrs. G. M.) Allen
Charles Almy
Elizabeth Gardner (Mrs. C.) Almy
Mary Almy
Harriet Hastings (Mrs. O. I.) Ames
James Barr Ames
Mary Ogden (Mrs. J. B.) Ames
Oakes Ingalls Ames
John Bradshaw Atkinson
Louise Marie (Mrs. J. B.) Atkinson
Ellen Nealley (Mrs. G.) Bailey
Gage Bailey
Helen Diman (Mrs. I. W.) Bailey
Alethea Pew (Mrs. E. J.) Barnard
Edmund Johnson Barnard
**J. Dellinger Barney
*Elizabeth Chadwick (Mrs. J. H.) Beale
Ruth Richards (Mrs. A.) Beane
Florence Barrett (Mrs. R.) Beatley
Ralph Beatley
**Mabel Anzonella (Mrs. S.) Bell
**Stoughton Bell
Pierre Belliveau
Annie Whitney (Mrs. J. C.) Bennett
Marion Gordon (Mrs. M. B.) Bever
Michael Berliner Bever
Alexander Harvey Bill
**Caroline Eliza Bill
Marion Edgerly (Mrs. A. H.) Bill
Helen Thomas (Mrs. H. L.) Blackwell
Howard Lane Blackwell
*Albert Henry Blevins
Beatrice (Mrs. A. H.) Blevins
Frank Aloysius Kenney Boland

* Died

Velma Louise Gibson (Mrs. F. A. K.)
Boland
Charles Stephen Bolster
Elizabeth Winthrop (Mrs. C. S.) Bolster
Jessie Waterman (Mrs. Wm. F.) Brooks
Martha Thacher Brown
Mildred Hunter (Mrs. G. E.) Brown
*Josephine Freeman Bumstead
*Bertha Close (Mrs. G. H.) Bunton
*George Herbert Bunton
Eleanor Sheridan (Mrs. D. E.) Burr
Douglas Bush
Hazel Cleaver (Mrs. D.) Bush
Chilton Richardson Cabot
Miriam Shepard (Mrs. C. R.) Cabot
Bernice Cannon
*Carroll Luther Chase
Louise Fletcher (Mrs. C. L.) Chase
Edith Hemenway Eustis (Mrs. W. H.)
Churchill
Winthrop Hallowell Churchill
Dudley Clapp
Elizabeth Neill (Mrs. D.) Clapp
Roger Saunders Clapp
Winifred Irwin (Mrs. R. S.) Clapp
**Frances Snell (Mrs. H. L.) Clark
*Margaret Elizabeth Cogswell
Kenneth John Conant
Marie Schneider (Mrs. K. J.) Conant
Julian Lowell Coolidge
Theresa Reynolds (Mrs. J. L.) Coolidge
Gardner Cox
Phyllis Byrne (Mrs. G.) Cox
**Elizabeth (Mrs. G. W.) Cram
Abby Chandler (Mrs. J. F.) Crocker
John Franklin Crocker

** Resigned

****Bernice Brown** (Mrs. L. W.) Cronkhite
****Leonard Wolsey Cronkhite**
Gerda Richards (Mrs. I. B.) Crosby
Katharine Foster Crothers
Esther Lanman (Mrs. R. A.) Cushman
Robert Adams Cushman
Sally Adams (Mrs. C. F.) Cushman
Gardiner Mumford Day
****Katharine Bennett** (Mrs. G. M.) Day
Thomas Henri DeValcourt
****Avis MacVicar** (Mrs. B.) DeVoto
****Bernard DeVoto**
**Mary Deane Dexter*
Frank Currier Doble
Helen Dadmun (Mrs. F. C.) Doble
Mabel Higgins (Mrs. W. B.) Donham
Wallace Brett Donham
George Lincoln Dow
Arthur Drinkwater
Dows Dunham
Marion Jessie (Mrs. D.) Dunham
Walter Frank Earle
Elizabeth Lee (Mrs. F. M.) Eliot
Frances Hopkinson (Mrs. S. A.) Eliot
Frederick May Eliot
Marion Eliot
**Samuel Atkins Eliot*
****Benjamin Peirce Ellis**
Frances White (Mrs. Wm.) Emerson
Mary Fife (Mrs. L. E.) Emerson
William Emerson
Mary Lillian (Mrs. R. C.) Evarts
Richard Conover Evarts
Pearl Brock Fahrney
Claire (Mrs. P.) Faude
Anna Griswold (Mrs. A. W.) Fletcher
Arthur Warren Fletcher
Eleanor Tyson Cope (Mrs. H. W.) Foote
Henry Wilder Foote
Lois Whitney (Mrs. A. B.) Forbes
Edward Waldo Forbes
Alden Simonds Foss
Dorothy Tenney (Mrs. A. S.) Foss
Frances Fowler
Ingebord Gade Frick
Francis Edward Frothingham
Claire MacIntyre (Mrs. R. N.) Ganz

* Died

Robert Norton Ganz
Alice Howland (Mrs. H. G.) Garrett
Catherine Ruggles (Mrs. H. G.) Gerrish
Hollis Guptill Gerrish
**Jane Bowler* (Mrs. R.) Gilman
Roger Gilman
**Josephine Bowman* (Mrs. L. C.) Graton
Louis Caryl Graton
Louis Lawrence Green
**Virginia Tanner* (Mrs. L. L.) Green
Dusser de Barenne (Mrs. J. D.) Greene
Jerome Davis Greene
Lillian Helen (Mrs. T.) Hadley
Catherine Russell (Mrs. F. T., Jr.)
 Hammond
Franklin Tweed Hammond
Franklin Tweed Hammond, Jr.
Mabel MacLeod (Mrs. F. T.) Hammond
Charles Lane Hanson
Mary Caroline Hardy
**Mary Davis* (Mrs. F. B.) Hawley
Harriet LaPierre (Mrs. T. D.) Hayes
Truman Davis Hayes
Christina Doyle (Mrs. R. H.) Haynes
Robert Hammond Haynes
Florence Wilhelmina (Mrs. N.) Heard
Nathan Heard
Lucy Gregory (Mrs. R. G.) Henderson
Robert Graham Henderson
Frank Wilson Cheney Hersey
**George Milbank Hersey*
Georgiana Ames (Mrs. T. L.) Hinckley
Eleanor Holmes Hinkley
Janet Elliott (Mrs. R. B.) Hobart
Richard Bryant Hobart
****Pinckney Holbrook**
****Sybil Collar** (Mrs. P.) Holbrook
Anna Coolidge Davenport (Mrs. C. M.)
 Holland
****Clara May** (Mrs. Wm. D.) Howe
Lois Lilley Howe
Rosamond Coolidge (Mrs. G. W.) Howe
Eda Woolson (Mrs. B. S.) Hurlbut
**Edward Ingraham*
Elsie Powell (Mrs. E.) Ingraham
Dorothy Judd (Mrs. Wm. A.) Jackson
Pauline Fay (Mrs. A. L.) Jackson
**** Resigned**

William Alexander Jackson
 ***Julia Johnson*
Reginald Hathaway Johnson
Ethel Robinson (Mrs. W. S.) Jones
Llewellyn Jones
 **Mabel Augusta Jones*
Susan Wilbur (Mrs. L.) Jones
Wallace St. Clair Jones
Frances Ruml (Mrs. W. K.) Jordan
Wilbur Kitchener Jordan
Albert Guy Keith
 **Edith Seavey (Mrs. A. G.) Keith*
 **Justine Frances (Mrs. F. S.) Kershaw*
James Gore King
Julia Hurley (Mrs. J. G.) King
Helen Boyden (Mrs. R. K.) Lamb
 **Robert Keen Lamb*
Louise Higgins Langenberg
Rowena Morse (Mrs. W. L.) Langer
William Leonard Langer
Thatcher Payne Luquer
Frank Lyman, Jr.
Jeanne (Mrs. F.) Lyman
Ella Sewell Slingluff (Mrs. G. A.)
Macomber
George Arthur Macomber
Dorothy St. John Manks
Gustavus Howard Maynadier
 ***Mary Crane (Mrs. E. F.) McClennen*
 ***Ethel May MacLeod*
Elinor Gregory (Mrs. K. D.) Metcalf
Keyes DeWitt Metcalf
 ***Stewart Mitchell*
Helen Bonney (Mrs. H.) Montgomery
 ***Hugh Montgomery, Jr.*
Alva Morrison
Amy Gallagher (Mrs. A.) Morrison
 ***Marcus Morton*
James Buell Munn
Ruth Crosby Hanford (Mrs. J. B.) Munn
Helen Whiting Munroe
Mary Liscomb (Mrs. H. A.) Nealley
Elizabeth Flint (Mrs. F. H.) Nesmith
Fisher Hildreth Nesmith
Arthur Boylston Nichols
Emily Alan Smith (Mrs. J. T. G.) Nichols
John Taylor Gilman Nichols

* Died

**Albert Perley Norris*
Grace Wyeth (Mrs. A. P.) Norris
Penelope Barker Noyes
Mary Woolson (Mrs. J. L.) Paine
Nancy Johnson (Mrs. S. B.) Parker
Stanley Bampton Parker
Frederica Watson (Mrs. Wm. L.) Payson
William Lincoln Payson
Barbara Welch (Mrs. E.) Peabody
 ***Fanny Carleton (Mrs. Wm. H.) Pear*
 ***William Hesseltine Pear*
Elizabeth Bridge Piper
Bremer Whidden Pond
Lucy Kingsley (Mrs. A. K.) Porter
David Thomas Pottinger
Mildred Clark (Mrs. D. T.) Pottinger
Peter Egon Pratt
Alice Edmands Putnam
Mary Clement Parker (Mrs. H. W.) Read
 **Harriette Byron Taber (Mrs. F. A.)*
Richardson
Fred Norris Robinson
Katharine Wetherill (Mrs. L. W.) Rogers
Alfred Sherwood Romer
Ruth Hibbard (Mrs. A. S.) Romer
Edith Parker (Mrs. T. S.) Ross
Thorwald Salicath Ross
 ***Clyde Orval Ruggles*
 ***Frances Holmes (Mrs. C. O.) Ruggles*
Gertrude Swan (Mrs. J. C.) Runkle
 **John Cornelius Runkle*
Paul Joseph Sachs
Charles Rodney Sage
Marjorie Llewellyn (Mrs. C. R.) Sage
 **Mary Ware (Mrs. R. deW.) Sampson*
Agnes Goldman (Mrs. A.) Sanborn
Cyrus Ashton Rollins Sanborn
Henry Hallam Saunderson
Laura Dudley (Mrs. H. H.) Saunderson
Mary Parkman Sayward
Erwin Haskell Schell
Esther Sidelinger (Mrs. E. H.) Schell
Edgar Viguers Seeler, Jr.
 **Martha Sever*
Eugenia Jackson (Mrs. P. P.) Sharples
Philip Price Sharples
Helen Davis (Mrs. W.) Shumway

** Resigned

- Joan Hopkinson (Mrs. Wm. A.) Spur-cliff*
Clement Andrew Smith
Margaret Beal Earhart (Mrs. C. A.) Smith
***Katherine V osburg Spencer*
Mary Louise (Mrs. P.) Sprague
Phineas Sprague
Livingston Siebkins
***Emme W bite (Mrs. H. P.) Stevens*
***Horace Paine Stevens*
Dora Stewart
Arthur Eugene Suberland
Susanne Adams (Mrs. A. E.) Suberland
Ellamae McKee (Mrs. W. D.) Swan
William Donnison Swan
Charles Lincoln Taylor
Elsie Brewster (Mrs. E. W.) Taylor
Hannah Chamberlin (Mrs. C. L.) Taylor
Helen Ingersoll Teltow
Alice Allegra Thorp
Mabel Henderson (Mrs. W. E.) Vander-mark
**Maude Batchelder (Mrs. C. P.) V osburg*
Mary Richardson (Mrs. R.) Walcott
Robert Walcott
John Reed Walden
**Frank DeWitt Washburn*
Olive Ely Allen (Mrs. F. D.) Washburn
- Henry Bradford Washburn*
Frederica Davis (Mrs. T. R.) Watson
***Melinda Jarozevski (Mrs. W. B.) Wheelwright*
***William Bond Wheelwright*
Harriet Eaton (Mrs. T. N.) Whitehead
Thomas North Whitehead
Charles Frederick Whiting
***Alice Babson (Mrs. Wm. S.) Whittemore*
***William Stewart Whittemore*
**Olive Swan (Mrs. J. B.) Williams*
Constance Bigelow Williston
Emily Williston
Samuel Williston
Grace Davenport (Mrs. H. J.) Winslow
Henry Davenport Winslow
Henry Joshua Winslow
Katharine Nichols (Mrs. H. D.) Winslow
Mary Andrews (Mrs. R. L.) Wolff
Robert Lee Wolf
John William Wood
Charles Conrad Wright
Charles Henry Conrad Wright
Elizabeth Hilgendorff (Mrs. C. C.) Wright
Elizabeth Woodman (Mrs. C. H. C.) Wright

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

- Sylvia Church (Mrs. L.) Bowditch*
Ethel Harding (Mrs. F. C.) Durant
**Francis Chester Durant*
Alvin Clark Eastman
Francis Athorp Foster
**Elden Revere James*
***Pilla Smith (Mrs. E. R.) James*
- **Rupert Ballou Lillie*
Susan Taber Low
***Winifred Smith (Mrs. M. W.) Maber*
Mary Wellington (Mrs. K. S.) Usber
Jane Revere Coolidge (Mrs. W. M.) Whitehill
Walter Muir Whitehill

LIFE MEMBERS

- Mary Emory Batchelder*
Mabel Hall Colgate
**Henry Wadsworth Longfellow Dana*
Helen McQuesten (Mrs. P.) Grining
- Bradford Hendrick Peirce*
Katherine Perlée (Mrs. E. V.) Seeler
Eleanor Gray (Mrs. H. D.) Tudor
**Alice Maud (Mrs. M. P.) White*

HECKMAN
BINDERY INC.



JUL 90

N. MANCHESTER,
INDIANA 46962

